

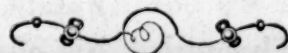
The Aurora.

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The Voice of the Turtle.



[Original..]

THE time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." The old year has past away and this bright season is the morning of its resurrection. List, for a moment to the murmuring of the streams as they skip on joyfully! Watch the pearly bells which dance upon their brow all sparkling and bright. Look above and view the thousand birds on gay wing, singing so merrily, welcoming the dawn of Spring, and chanting a lay as a requiem for the departure of winter.

But 'tis not alone the murmur of fountains or the song of birds, and the perfume of flowers that makes this season so delightful,

But something stealing on the ear
And borne along by zephyrs clear,
Sweet sounds that birds could never
know,
Like angel whispers soft and low—
There's music in the Spring."

Melody resounds through the groves, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork, day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." From hill to hill and along the vales, the glad anthems of praise are echoed. Earth seems to hold a jubilee. The world is becoming beautiful again. The almanac makes the year to begin on the first of January, when his locks are white with the frosts of age, his limbs palsied, and the death-damps gathering upon his brow. He lies down and dies, and the winds sigh mournfully through the leafless branches of the forest, as the clouds wrap around him his snowy winding sheet. But had I made the calandar the year should have died away among the song of birds and the scent of roses, nor breathed its last amid the cold storms and wild winds of winter; it should have past away

swiftly, joyously with the murmur of fountains, the music of soft breezes, and the breath of the earth-born yet heaven-scented flowers, as nature ever beautiful and true, opens the new year when "the voice of the turtle is heard in our land," and swelling buds and tiny wild flowers welcome its advent. When Spring comes bounding over the earth, the eye is charmed with sights not less strange than beautiful. She breathes o'er the ice-bound rivulet, and its waters flow afresh; frost and snow retreat from her advancing foot-steps; the things of earth appear and germinate; and with mingled joy and wonder we behold the budding of the leaf. Through the decaying leaves which last year's winds, scattered upon the hill-sides, and by the edges of the brooks, delicate spring-beauties lift their heads and smile. The blue-eyed violet, so much admired by Poets, and rendered more attractive as having been the emblematic flower of Napoleon Bonaparte, covers the earth in places, which indeed resembles the robe of royalty; and in the depths of the dim old forest, exquisite mosses which have kept a memory of summer's greenness through all the frosts of winter, take to their very hearts the strong sunbeams that reach their cool recesses, and reflect their warmth in renewed freshness and a livelier green. Beauty and abounding life meet us at every step. The young maiden tosses her curls, leaning from the breezy balcony; the fairy child comes back from the wood-land with her lap full of fresh, bright blossoms; the hoary-headed grandsire sits in the parlor where the sunshine falls; the youth

rejoices in his strength and pride, for all life to him is now a spring-time, and bird and breeze and bee have gathered to hymn the praises of "Our father" in the grand old temples of the greenwood. The eye cannot be satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing, nor are the other senses without their appropriate and most exquisite delights.

We sympathize with the child in the little German tale, who went out into the greenwood, and "wherever he went the tender moss pressed his little feet, the delicate grass embraced his knees, the flowers kissed his hands, and even the branches stroked his cheeks with a kind and refreshing touch, and the high trees threw their fragrant shade around him. There was no end to his delight. The little birds warbled and sang, and fluttered and hopped about; the delicate wood flowers gave out their beauty and their odors; and every sweet sound, took a sweet odor by the hand and thus walked through the open door of the child's heart and held a joyous nuptial dance therein. But the nightengale and the lily of the valley led the dance, for the nightengale sang of nought but love, and the lily breathed of nought but innocence: and he was the bride-groom and she was the bride. And the nightengale was never weary of repeating the same thing a thousand times over, for the spring of love which gushed from his heart was ever new and the lily bowed her head bashfully that no one might see her glowing heart. And yet the one liveth so entirely in the other that no one could see whether the notes of the nighten-

gale were floating lilies, or the lilies visible notes falling like dew-drops from the nightengale's throat. The child's heart was full of joy even to the brim. He sat himself down and he almost thought he should like to take root there, and live forever among the sweet plants and flowers, and so become a true sharer in all their gentle pleasures." Oh the beauties and melodies of spring! who shall describe them? Behold the lilies of the field! how beautiful! how lovely they are! "they toil not neither do they spin and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Nature is always beautiful; her forests, mountains, lakes and rivers, rarely fail to charm the eye and appeal warmly to the mind and heart, to awaken us to a fuller sense of the existence of a benevolent and all-creative power. But doubly attractive does she become in the joyousness of this glad season, when everything is robed in freshness and beauty, teeming with life, and vocal with song; and the soul with unwonted freedom, goes forth to hold communion through his works with the Creator of the Universe, and feels the blessedness of such communion.

"Tis not in temples made with hands
The great Creator dwells,
But on the mountain-top he stands,
And in the lowly dells;
The cloud capp'd spire that points on high
May draw the lightning from the sky;
But 'tis the humble, modest flower,
That bows in meekness to his power,
And in turn for favors given,
It breathes in fragrance back to heaven."

Beautiful and holy is this glad
new year, this blessed spring-time!
and cold and inanimate indeed must
be the heart that does not open to its
sweet, hopeful and purifying influ-
ences.

CELESTIA.

ATHENÆUM, Columbia Tenn.

THE LOVE OF STRIFE.

I never love those salamanders
that are never well but when they are
in the fire of contention. I will rather
suffer a thousand wrongs than offer
one. I will rather suffer a hundred
than inflict one. I will suffer
many ere I will complain of one, and
endeavor to right it by contending.
I have ever found that to strive with
my superior is furious; with my
equal, doubtful; with my inferior,
sordid and base; with any, full of
unquietness.—*Bishop Hall.*

Marion, or, The Old Maid.



[Original.]

I WOULD go and marry Old Joe, the Irish miller, that I would, rather than stay single," said Emma Walton, glancing contemptuously at her sister, who sat at her writing desk, quietly folding a letter, which was to be sent off by the evening mail, "Why you are over thirty now" continued Emma, "and it is high time you were married and out of the way. I can't see what you are waiting for. Charley Manvers is as good an offer as you'll ever get, and its the last one you'll have I'm thinking so you had better burn that letter and marry Mr. Manvers. He is a simpleton its true, but he has enough money to support you, and that is all that's needed in this world; and as to his being a little dissipated, that's nothing. I wouldn't marry one of your long-faced christians, you had better take Charley, now mark what I say, you had better do it, you know we are poor—and what will become of you! a poor old maid with nothing to live on? You need not come to me then with your old maidish ways, asking for a home, I hate old maids, and wouldn't have one about me for millions; so mind what I say, and don't come to me for help. My husband will have something else to do, I guess, than supporting old maids."

An expression of pain passed over her sweet face, but in the next moment Marion smiled sweetly and asked archly, "and who is your husband to be Emma. I want to know whom I am to call brother."

Emma tossed her head scornfully as she answered, "O I reckon I can find somebody to have me after awhile, at all events I don't mean to be an old maid like you, I hate old maids." And the wilful girl walked out of the room, slamming the door violently leaving Marion looking dreamily at the unsealed letter in her hand, and thinking of the long, loveless future that lay before her. She thought of the days to come when she would be old and poor, with no one to befriend her, and her resolution almost failed her. She was half resolved to burn the letter and accept Mr. Manvers; he had money, and could give her a home, and she would not be poor and lonely then;—but she did not love him, she did not even like him; how could she call him her husband—uneducated, irreligious, and unrefined as he was, all her better feelings revolted at the thought, and she sealed the letter with a firmer hand, saying softly to herself

"It is but duty,
And God can change the bitterest load
Into a flower of perfect beauty."
And Marion remembered a time in

the long ago when her heart was filled with one image, and when one voice and one smile was more to her than all the world. She remembered how he loved her, and she remembered that he was lying with his face covered from earth's sunshine forever, and almost unknown to herself, she kept that dead image in her bosom as something dearer than any living creature. And so Marion was contented and happy, although she knew she had rejected her last offer; and after once making her choice she looked forward unflinchingly to the hard cold life she had accepted.

Marion and Emma were the only children of a widowed lady, Mrs. Walton. She had seen better days, but her husband's extravagance, and her own, had reduced them almost to poverty, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could keep her little property together. She was anxious that her daughters should marry, and did everything in her power to get them off, but she had worked in vain, for Marion would not marry, and Emma, dress and flirt and talk as she would, the young men would not propose, and she was about on the eve of despair when the quiet little village of Ballsville was thrown into great excitement by the arrival of a Mr. Langsford, who introduced himself to the simple villagers as a lawyer of wealth and influence, from a distant city. Elegant in manners and looks he soon won the hearts of all the village girls, but he seemed to care for none but Emma Walton, and before six

weeks had passed, he had proposed, and was of course accepted.

Marion was greatly astonished and shocked when she heard of her sister's engagement, and begged her to revoke her sentence and wait awhile that she might learn something about Mr. Langsford; but Emma treated her advice with scorn, calling her a meddling old maid, who wasn't happy herself and didn't wish any one else to be so. Marion heard her bitter words silently, but she was distressed to see Emma going forward so blindly, and turning her mild eyes to Emma, said:

"I don't care what you say of me, my sister, but have you reflected on the step you are about to take: its vast importance, its responsibility? You know nothing of Mr. Langsford's character, he may not be a good man, he may drink, and if so, how dreadful your fate will be.

Emma pushed up her pretty mouth contemptuously, and telling Marion she would go out of her sight until she grew less quarrelsome, she threw on her bonnet, and ran gaily out of the room.

Mrs. Walton, far from opposing Emma's marriage with the distinguished looking stranger, was anxious that the ceremony should take place as soon as possible, and with a heavy heart Marion saw preparations going on for her sister's wedding.

It was a beautiful night in June, when Emma, arrayed in her bridal robes stood before the man of God, and heard her betrothed vow to love and cherish her until death, and she was happy. But Marion was full of fears for her beautiful sister, and

moved about among the gay revelers like one in a sad dream, and more than one said she was grieving because it was not her own bridal; but Marion only smiled, and said that she was contented with her lot; and she was, and she wished in her heart that Emma had chosen it, instead of the one she was about to assume.

The morning after the wedding Mr. Langsford started with Emma for his northern home. She shed a few tears as she bade farewell to the friends and home of her early childhood; but her tears melted away in smiles of triumph as her handsome husband handed her to her seat in his elegant carriage, and ere she was out of sight of her old home she had forgotten the sad eyes she had left behind her, and thought only of the present and the beautiful future that was spreading out so glaringly before her.

It was night when the happy pair reached their home in the city of R. and Emma was startled at the magnificence that surrounded her on every side, and she smiled exultingly, saying, "all this is mine, and I shall never feel want or dependence as long as long as I live. Poor Marion, how foolish she was in her choice, but she must take the consequences;" and Emma heaved a sigh of intense satisfaction at her own escape from the horrors of old-maidism. Very bright seemed Emma's prospects then; her every wish was gratified, and Mr. Langsford was all devotion for the space of one year, and then a change came over him. He grew cold and careless to Emma, and gradually his coldness changed

to actual unkindness. He was intemperate in his habits and Emma soon found herself in the deepest poverty. Then came heavy trials to the poor, weary, disappointed wife; but in all her sufferings she would not tell Marion of her condition. She was too proud, and remembered too well with what scorn she had treated her and her sisterly advice; and thus Emma's life went on, full of tears and repentings for the past, and despair for the future.

One night Mr. Langsford returned home, more intoxicated than usual, and without speaking to Emma threw himself on the bed and soon fell into a drunken slumber. Emma sat with her two children in her lap, hungry and crying for food. They had eaten nothing since the day before, and it almost broke their mother's heart to hear them crying so vainly for food, and she longed for death for her little ones. She was about to place her youngest on a pallet on the floor when she saw a letter at her husband's feet, and taking it up she opened it, and read the following words written in a delicate lady-like hand:

MY BELOVED HUSBAND:—

For still I must call you beloved, although five years have passed away since you left home. They tell me you are married to another—I will never believe it until you tell me so with your own lips. Come home my husband, come to the wife and children that love you better than life. Farewell, and come back soon to

YOUR OWN JENNIE.

Emma turned the letter over and saw it was directed to her husband. What could it mean? She concluded

it must be a mistake, and put the letter on the bed; but suddenly a terrible thought flashed through her brain,—her husband might be the husband of another! The thought was agony, and she started up, resolving to leave the house of the hated man forever, but she was weak and sick, and fell back in the chair, utterly helpless.

O! how she longed for Marion then, how she longed to hear her dear voice again, and feel as she felt in days of old.

She was sitting still, with her face buried in her hands, when Mr. Langsford woke, and turning his angry, blood-shot eyes towards her, said harshly, "I want some supper, why don't you get me some, you lazy wretch,"

Emma was too much excited to speak mildly now, and she answered quickly, "There is nothing in the house to cook, Mr. Langsford, and if there was I wouldn't cook it;" and she staggered towards the bed, took the letter and put it before him, saying with fearful calmness, "I picked that up this morning, I suppose you dropped it,—it is from your wife I presume, take it!"

Langsford gazed at her for a moment, and then with the howl of a mad-man started up and felled her to the floor.

"There, take that," he cried, "you vile woman, take that and die. Yes I am married, and trust the thought will embitter all your last moments," and without waiting to see if he had really killed Emma, he took his hat and walked leisurely out of the house.

When Emma recovered her consciousness she found herself alone, with her children crying piteously around her. The sun was up and shone cheerily through the parted curtain, and weak as Emma was she resolved to go in search of bread for her children. Throwing on her bonnet and faded shawl, she was soon in the open street begging. O! how hard the task was to her, but she remembered the dear little ones at home, and took courage. Many richly-clad men and women passed by without listening to her petition, and Emma had turned her face homeward weary and heart-sick, when she saw a plainly dressed woman advancing up the street, Emma asked for enough to buy a loaf of bread for her poor children, and without a word she gave her what she asked for, saying it was all she had. With an overflowing heart Emma accepted the gift, and hurried off to buy bread for her little children, the thought of whose hunger lent wings to her tired feet. Her heart swelled with gratitude as she saw them eating the scanty loaf she had bought them, and without tasting a crumb herself she sat down and wrote to Marion, telling her of her desolate situation, and begging her to come or send for her children, when she was gone. She forgot all her pride then; she knew that her days were numbered, and she felt if she could leave her darlings with Marion she could die in peace. Walking herself to the office she left her letter there, and returning as hastily, threw herself on the bed, from which she was never

taken until she went forth robed for the sleep of the grave.

And now let us turn to Marion. About eight months after Emma's marriage, Mrs. Walton died very suddenly, and her little property was taken and sold immediately for debt, even the old house was sold, and Marion stood alone in the wide world. She wrote to Emma in her desolation, but Emma only wrote to her that she was sorry for her, but she never asked her to come to her. O, no, she didn't want any old maids about her; and so Emma lived on in careless ease for awhile, leaving her sister to toil for her daily bread.

By the aid of a few friends Marion made up a small school. At first she had but eight scholars, but she soon had a great many, and Marion had bought the old home back, and was laying up money when she received Emma's letter asking her aid. Marion wept bitter tears as she read the sorrowful words Emma had written, but she had no time for grief then, so dismissing her school as quickly as possible, she was soon ready to go to her. It was early in the morning when Marion reached the city; and with a fearless independence that belongs to every true old maid, she went at once to Emma's home. She found her in bed, looking more like a corpse than a living being, and so weak that she could not speak above a whisper. With great difficulty she succeeded in getting her to swallow a little wine which she had brought with her, and then she sat about making tea, for she knew she must be starving. Marion gave her a little in a

tea-spoon at first, which she drank eagerly, and lifting her glazed eyes to Marion's face, said softly, "Dear, good Marion how kind of you to come to me, it was more than I expected, more than I dared to hope. I am so glad, you will take the children won't you?" Marion's tears fell fast as she answered "Yes, I will take them dear Emma, but don't talk about that now. I have come to take you and the little ones back to the old place with me, you will soon be well I hope."

"No Marion," murmured the sick creature, "I will never go home with you, I must be buried here; fate has decreed it thus. I can't live, but if you will only take the poor little ones, I shall die contented. Life has been so dark to me Marion," and she covered her face with her wasted hands and sobbed aloud.

Marion bent over her with sweet soothing words, which lulled the suffering one to sleep, and then Marion gave the children their breakfast, and went out in search of a physician. She was not long in finding one, and with quick steps she hurried with him to her dear Emma.

The physician examined his patient closely, and as he left the room he said to Marion in a low voice "your sister is sick, very sick, but she may get well, there is no telling about such matters, I will come again to-morrow. Good morning."

When Marion returned to the room she fancied that Emma was asleep, and stooped over to listen to her low, irregular breathing; but she was not sleeping, and she said to Marion, softly, "I am not asleep sis-

ter Marion. I am thinking of all the past, how I have wronged you, do you forgive me now?"

Marion kissed her sister gently, and answered "I will never remember it, dear Emma, don't think of the past, but look to the future. My poor sister, I know you have suffered much, but rest comes to the weary at last."

"No Marion, there is no rest for me in the future, none. I have been a sinner all my life, I forsook God and he has forsaken me. I cannot pray, I cannot even think of what is beyond this life. My husband, Marion, was an infidel, he taught me to doubt, and now nothing remains for me but punishment."

"But my sister," said Marion, "Jesus is willing and ready to save you, He will in no wise cast you out, trust him he will accept you this hour."

Emma looked at her sister and said wearily, "I can't think about it now, Marion, wait until morning, and then I will try. I am so weak and tired now, don't talk to me," and she turned her head away as if she wished to sleep.

O, how Marion's heart ached as she sat there watching by the bed of her sister. How could she give her up to go unprepared into the land of spirits; the thought was replete with agony, and she bowed her head and prayed that the cup might pass from her. But alas! death's shadow was already on her sister's heart, and ere the morn dawned Emma had

passed through the valley of the shadow of death.

I must draw a veil over the agony of Marion, but in her bitterest grief she knelt and prayed, "Father, thy will be done, not mine;" and peace and strength came softly to her burdened heart, and she whispered "it is well, my Father did it;" and taking the little orphans with her, she went from Emma's grave to her own sweet home in the country.

A few months after the death of Emma, Marion happened to be looking over the morning paper and saw the following item: "Mr. James Langsford of R——, was hung last week for the murder of his wife, Jane Langsford. Marion shuddered and threw the paper down, saying, "righteous and true art thou, O Lord, and thy judgments are true and faithful altogether."

Very tenderly did Marion watch over the dear children committed to her keeping. She loved them as her own, and by her own teachings and example sought daily to bring them up in the paths of safety and honor; and they grew to be the joy of her declining years, and ornaments to the church and circle to which they belonged.

And Marion went down to her grave with the love of many twining around her. And all who knew her shed tears of real sorrow when she died; saying to each other, she is surely remembered with those to whom the Master sayeth, "Come thou blessed of my Father, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

THE SONG OF GOLD.

BY WM. R. GULLEY.

[*Original.*]

HARK! did you hear the sound of gold,
 That fell from the hand of a beggar old?
 How eager he clutched the glittering toy,
 As if it contained no base alloy.
 There's magic divine in this yellow ore,
 For they who yesterday spurned from their door,
 Now welcome the man with a smile and bend—
 There's magic indeed—a *wretch* turns to *friend*.
 So I sing a new song to an air quite old,
 And the cadence shall ring with the sound of gold.

A giant is bowing the mass to the ground,
 "He has gold!" a smile instead of the frown—
 (It was won! ah, but no matter—for all
 Are striving hard for the bright golden spoil.)
 The poor they were sheltered—rent must be paid,
 The claim of this giant cannot be delayed;
 The children are cold,—all cheerless the hearth—
 No fire is there to awaken their mirth—
 A father is sad, since no happy child's play
 Greet the fond ear at the closing of day;—
 A mother is dying—faint are her cries,
 "What matters that?" gold! gold! or she dies.
 So I sing of the poor—hungered and cold,
 Whose death-knells are rung by a chime of gold.

Ah! there is a form of fairy-like grace,
 A soft sunny eye, a sweet smiling face—
 From that glance seems revealed too much of soul
 To be bought by the yellow, slavish gold.
 But listen, I sing the story aright,
 The lady was bought but yesterday night;
 Yes, brought to the altar, and virtually sold,
 For a bride must be had by a man of gold.
 So I sing of the fair who perjured her soul,
 And was bound to a wretch with a chain of gold.

At last there you see a true, honest face,
With a purity gold can never deface,
A sordid dream has ne'er crossed his mind,
For his labor and aim is a life divine.
Rumor will often most sadly deceive,
The story I sing is hard to believe,
But 'tis true, he left without sigh or tear
The salary of fifteen hundred a year,
To preach to the Fashion—not quite so poor
Who gave him the sum of five hundred more.
So I sing of the men that watch o'er the fold,
But whose prayers amen to the clink of gold.

O! ye who thus traffic in shining gold,
Ye who are bought, ye who are sold,
How will ye stand in the last judgment day,
With thy gold, faithless guardian, all passed away?
What will ye say to thy Maker, thy God,
When on thee is falling stern justice's rod?
The treasure on which thy sordid hearts dwell
Will have paved thee a way of gold to hell.
So I sing of the fool, who selleth his soul,
For the sake of the dust that men call gold.

ADVICE TO LADIES.

Have the feet well protected; then pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abide the heart and lungs. It is from the impressions made upon these organs, through the skin, that the shiver comes. It is nature's quake—the alarm bell at the onset of danger.

A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs, or hands, or head; but let the cold strike through her clothing on her chest, and off go her teeth into a chatter, and the whole organism is in a commotion. One sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore, while the feet

are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attended to, the natural connection of the dress will supply the rest, and the woman is ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for the good of it, or the fun of it.

Keep away from the stove or register. Air that is dry or burnt, and more or less charged with gases evolved by the fuel, is poison. Go up stairs and make the bed with mittens on. Fly around the house like one mad, and ventilate the rooms. Don't sit pent up in a single room with

double windows. Fruit will not retain its full form and flavor in airtight cans; neither will women. They need air. If the shiver comes on during these operations, go directly and put on something more about the chest.

Again, do not live in dark rooms. Light fades the carpet, but it feeds the flower. No living animal or vegetable can enjoy health in darkness. Light is also necessary as air, and a brown tan is far preferable, even as a matter of beauty, to a sickly paleness of complexion.

LIFE, ITS UNCERTAINTY.

[*Original.*]

LIFE is a very strange a very inexplicable mystery, and the great care and attention usually bestowed upon the things pertaining to it would warrant mortals in supposing that it could be prolonged by the good things of the world. Unfortunately this is not the case, and however solicitous we may be in securing those things which render it desirable, it is still held by as frail and uncertain a tenure as though no such effort had been exerted.

The family possessing the ordinary

necessaries of life seldom think themselves happy because forsooth they possess less of the tinsel and glitter of wealth than some other in the neighborhood, while in reality they have all that is necessary to insure happiness, and so soon as Death steps in and sunders some dear tie, takes some loved and gentle one from the warm embrace to lie down in the dewy damps of the grave, then in deploring the unfortunate bereavement, they look back over the pleasant retrospect of life, and sigh again and again for the reenactment of scenes

that cannot be recalled. The remembrance of by gone days is hallowed by the pleasing reflection that then the loved and lost one was ever with them and they wonder why they did not then enjoy the holiest bliss of life.

In these reflections they lose sight of the position we occupy in the sight of God. This is not our abiding city. It is only a journey we are taking towards a city that has foundations, and when we lose some near and dear friend we should not regard it as a loss but only a temporary separation.

Often have the demands of business required a transient separation from our dearest ones, and we submit to such privations without great reluctance, but when God separates us from our beloved ones, we think it hard, forgetting that our separation will be short and that we shall very soon be reunited under happier skies and brighter auspices, and in a clime where sorrow and pain are unknown. Life then is uncertain. Our dearest objects are liable at any moment to be snatched from us. The fairest human flowers, the most lovely images that the eye of humanity ever rested on and upon whom our hearts and hopes may be centred, with almost idolatrous devotion, may be and are wrested from us by the icy messenger Death and the aspirations, lofty though they be, which once fired their bosoms flushed forever. Oh! how gloomy a picture does death present, unrelieved by the bright prospect of a glorious resurrection. To think of a soul filled with worth and wisdom, and a body all adorned with the vigor

and freshness of youth being consigned to the silent tomb, unsupported by the hope, the soul sustaining hope of a resurrection, is indeed a gloomy reflection. Burns the Poet doubtless felt this when he stood beside the green sod that wrapped his "Highland Mary," feeling that their separation was eternal, and looking forward beyond the portals of the grave to no reunion, no second meeting with her he loved "beneath the hawthorn's shade." Personally I have experienced the same and oh! how bitter the pang when the coffin lid is closed over one dear to us as "life and light" and we can anticipate no future meeting. To the Christian the gloom of the grave is robbed of much if not all its ancient terror. He deplures the necessity which separates him from his relative or friend, but looks away beyond the death fraught tide of time, to that great day when all the myriad millions of the dead shall be together marshalled, and his heart leaps with exstatic joy as he thinks with what pleasures he will scan that mighty host, till his eye rests on the object of his search, who arrayed in the shining panoply of the redeemed, and bearing a palm of victory will be joining the loud acclaim of "Hosannah to the Lamb." Life with all its struggles will be forgotten and whether the jewels of Empire, the rose and glory of Cashmere, or the rags of the mendicant shall have been the outward adornings of his mortal state, will all be one to him. The great goal will have been reached. Death's dark river crossed, and the glory Land with its shining scenes will be displayed on every

hand, friends and lost ones found never more to be lost, and untold ages of millennial glory be the reward of his probationary services.

Reader let us endeavor so to live that when life with all its uncertainties shall have fled, that we may be enabled to enjoy this bright inheritance incorruptible and undefiled. Let us make the pursuit of the true Life the end and aim of our existence, and if our friends should be scattered and loved ones precede us to the cold cold grave, that we may live in joyful anticipations of seeing them rise again like flowers from the glebe of spring, and living an eternity with them beyond these Earthly scenes.

How delightful will be the employment we possibly then may be engaged in! Traversing those bright world's with those we have known and loved while here,

and perhaps exploring, as Milton says, on "aery wings upborne to distant worlds," to do our royal Master's high behest, enjoying an eternal exemption from pain and sorrow. Let us strive for this great boon more to be coveted than the splendors of Empire. Faded then will be every worldly treasure. The diadems of monarchs and the gems of the Orient though bright be their sheen now, will all have passed away before the splendid liveries that adorn the courts on high. All the glories of earth will have fled, and one tide of glory, one unclouded blaze shall then overflow those courts.

Oh! may we all when life's uncertainties are past enjoy those supernal pleasures through the rolling annals of boundless sternity.

SAGISMAR.

Pike County Miss.

THOUGHTS WHILE SHE ROCKS THE CRADLE

What is the little one thinking about?

Very wonderful thing no doubt,

Unwritten history!

Unfathomable mystery!

But he laughs and he cries, and eats and drinks,

And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,

As if his heads were as full of kinks,

And curious riddles, as any phinx!

Warped by colic, and wet by tears,

Punetured by pins, and tortured by fears,

Our little nephew will lose two years;

And he'll never know

Where the summers go:

He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what the baby thinks?

Who can follow the gossamer links

By which the manniken feels his way

Out from the shores of the great unknown,

Blind and wailing, and alone,

Into the light of day?

Out from the shores of the unknown sea,

Tossing in pitiful agony!

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,

Specked with the barks of little souls—

Barks that were launched on the other side,

And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!

And what does he think of his mother's eyes?

What does he think of his mother's hair?

What of the cradle roof that flies

Forward and backward through the air?

What does he think of his mother's breast—

Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,

Seeking it ever with fresh delight—

Cup of his joy and couch of his rest?

What does he think when her quick embrace

Presses his hand and buries his face

Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,

With a tenderness she can never tell,

Though she murmur the words

Of all the birds—

Words she has learned to murmur well?

Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
 I can see the shadow creep
 Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
 Out to his little finger tips,
 Softly sinking, down he goes,
 Down he goes! down he goes!
[Rising and carefully retreating to her seat.]
 See! he is hushed in sweet repose!

WHAT WE EAT.

Argument and ridicule seem equally powerless to effect any radical change in the habits of eating which prevail in this country.

Some physiologists are talking of climate as affecting our national health, and expressing doubts of the perpetuity of the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent; but constitutions that can withstand our diet, are proof against any climate. Mr. Higginson, who is a zealous apostle in the matter physical health says:

"Contrast the difference of living in the Canadian cities—Montreal, for example—where there are two sets of hotels, English and American. In the one you find English customs—abundance of water, towels of the dimensions of the mainsail of a man-of-war, admirable beef and bread, which are eaten moderately; in the other you find pint pitchers of water, pocket-handkerchief towels and you breakfast on bad coffee, fried rhinoceros, flap-jacks, and flap-dash pies. Here is one explanation of American disease, without climate.

Somebody has said, "Tell me the food of a nation, and I will tell you

its character." In the Canadian schools you can at once distinguish the American from the English children; the school-mistress will tell you that the former are smarter than the others, but they stay at home every other day because they are sick. You know that an average American child carries to school for dinner or luncheon a piece of mince pie, very white and indigestible at the top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom, and with untold horrors in the middle, a pound cake, two doughnuts, a piece of cheese, a pickle, and a cold sausage. Talk of Pandora's box of old! the modern Pandora box is an affectionate mother's luncheon basket, and it does not have hope at the bottom. But what does the English child carry to school for dinner? Bread and meat, or bread and butter, or bread and apples—nothing more; and the bread is English bread, not such as is seen in these regions, where housekeepers lay in their supplies for a year, a pound of salaratus to a pound of flour."

LUCY CARROLL.

A Tale of the West.

BY MRS. MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

[*Original.*]

CHAPTER III.

"What an angel!" exclaimed Fredric Gordon, as he drew his sister's arm within his for another walk upon the deck ere they separated for the night.

"No no, Fred, not quite," replied Mary; "a little lower than the angels. She is lovely indeed; but she would undoubtedly tell you that she is far from being pure and sinless. She would tell you too that her experience differs from yours, inasmuch as her worst trials proceed from her own heart."

"Then I should be insolent enough to tell her that I didn't believe her. Her heart give her trouble? Preposterous! If her heart isn't pure, what must mine be? But, see here, Sister, you may preach to me as much as you please if you'll always have her as your assistant. But, jesting aside, dear Sister, I love you all the better for telling me the truth. If you really believed that I was not guided by the highest and best principles, and did not frankly tell me so, I should conclude you didn't truly love me."

"I am anxious, my dear Fred, you do not know how anxious, that you

should be guided by strictly christian principles. The maxims of the world are often sadly at variance with those of our Savior. We too are alone in the world, Brother and——"

"Come sister, we must change the subject, or I shall feel as poor Major Carroll did when that sweet Miss Lucy, unconsciously touched the sore spot in his heart. He thought he was unobserved, but, if I mistake not, there was a tear on his cheek when she took his hand in hers so sweetly. I declare though, seriously, I wish I was good, if that would make people love me as much as I love you, and Miss ——" he hesitated and smiled.

"Why Fred," exclaimed his sister, "I do believe you've lost your heart."

"Not quite so desperate a case as that, Sister, I hope. But," he continued thoughtfully, "I begin to think that it may be Miss Lucy's earnest religion which makes her so lovely. And yet, if she were old and ugly, the very words she uttered might have sounded, to me at least, very different."

"There can be no doubt," said Mary, "that a young and beautiful

woman, possessing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, is the loveliest thing on earth—a remnant of Paradise in this weary world; but you will acknowledge that real, earnest religion is in itself exceedingly lovely; and can, and does shed a lustre even upon age and decay.”

“Yes,” replied he, after a moments pause, “I do acknowledge it. But I am always careful to specify the kind of religion of which I speak; for, to tell the honest, truth I wouldn’t give one brass farthing for much that goes by the name of religion, and wears her colors. Seriously, Sister, I wish I were as good a man as I ought to be.”

“God will always help those who help themselves,” said Mary. “There is nothing to prevent your being just what you ought to be, and what I earnestly hope you will be.” Then, with the confiding kiss of pure affection, they parted for the night, Fredric murmuring as he turned away, “God bless the girl, she is my guardian angel!”

As Mary opened the stateroom door, she beheld Lucy seated near a hanging lamp, with a little Bible in her hand. “You see me,” said she, smiling, “with my dear little companion. I find it under all circumstances, a consoling friend; it has always a word of comfort for me when my heart is troubled.”

“I can well believe it,” answered Mary. “I too, Lucy, am an orphan, and of course have known sorrow; and, thank God! I know too where to go for comfort.”

In such conversation they continued till a late hour; when they both knelt

down, said their prayers silently, and retired, each to her own berth, committing themselves to the care of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps.

At an early hour the next morning they emerged from their stateroom, and found Frederic waiting for them in the cabin, and they ascended together to the upper deck. Here Frederick offered an arm to each of the two girls, and they took their morning promenade.

“Well, Miss Carroll,” said Fredric, “I suppose my sister and yourself had quite a long conversation last night. I am under the impression that young ladies always have a great deal to say to each other. The truth is, I have been so constant a companion to my sister, that I always feel a little jealous when I cannot share her privileges. I don’t like her being able to do without me.”

“You need not be jealous in this instance,” replied Lucy. “We did have some very pleasant conversation, but it contained on treason against your lordship. You need’t fear, I could never supply your place to your sister.”

It was upon Fredric’s lips to say, “I wish you would help to take care of her;” but of course he checked himself, and merely said, “I believe you are harmless plotters; but in regard to the affections of this sister of mine, I am as jealous as a girl.”

“As jealous as a *man*,” exclaimed both the girls in a breath. “You are only like the rest of your sex.”

“Be it so then,” replied he, “I bow in meek submission. I yield the point at once. I never think of contending with two ladies, for I gener-

ally find one more than a match for me."

Just at this moment a head appeared above the promenade deck, and Major Carrol was seen assisting his wife and little boy to ascend the narrow steps. They were cordially welcomed by the party already in possession.

"I am glad you have come up, Aunt," said Lucy, sweetly. "You will find the morning air quite reviving. We have been enjoying it for some time."

"I am aware of that," said Mrs. Carrol, pointedly; "and I found your uncle so crazy to get up to the young people, as he calls you, that I was obliged to come to avoid being left alone. Those steps are so fatiguing, however, that I will never try them again. I hope that you will condescend to take care of Charley, now that I have brought him up to you."

"With the greatest pleasure, Aunt," replied Lucy, cheerfully. "I was anxious to bring the dear little fellow up with me, and lingered for awhile near your stateroom door for that purpose. But, hearing no movement, I supposed you were sleeping, and would not disturb you."

Mrs. Carroll's only reply was a contemptuous curl of her finely chiselled lip; and Charley apparently glad of the opportunity, ran hastily to his cousin's side, who arose when she saw him coming, and stretched her arms towards him. Then quietly seating him in her lap, she endeavored to soothe her feelings by listening to his engaging prattle. But the charm of their social intercourse was broken; one discordant spirit had

interrupted their harmony; and the whole party gradually sank into silence. So Mrs. Carroll had succeeded in making every body around her thoroughly uncomfortable! So potent is the spell of spirit over spirit! Thus wonderful is the influence of mind over mind, for good or for evil!

The breakfast bell, which now rang, was a welcome sound to the whole party; for the silence and constraint were becoming irksome and embarrassing; and, glad to escape from an awkward predicament, and with appetites sharpened by the early morning air, they all, with one exception, descended to the cabin with manifest alacrity. Nothing, however, appeared to suit Mrs. Carroll, who complained as bitterly of descending, as she had of ascending, the stairs.

CHAPTER IV

As they approached the village where Major Carroll and his family expected to land, the three orphans became evidently more and more sad. Frederic, especially, appeared to be taking some real or imagined grievance very much to heart. Still, as is not unusual, he made incredible efforts to appear uncommonly cheerful; and often so far overshot the mark, as plainly to show that his wonderful gaiety was a hollow mask, put on to conceal the real sadness of his heart; of which the deep depression of the next moment gave a convincing proof. The truth is, he was undergoing one of those inward conflicts, which, in deep, passionate, proud natures like his own, produce a moral tempest all the more fearful because it is hidden.

OUR IDOL.

BY BERTRAND.

LOSE the doors lightly,
 Bridle the breath,
 Our little earth angel
 Is talking with death;
 Gently he woos her,
 She wishes to stay,
 His arms are about her—
 He bears her away.
 Music comes floating,
 Down from the dome;
 Angels are chaunting
 The sweet welcome home.
 Come stricken weeper,
 Come to the bed,

Gaze on the sleeper—
 Our idol is dead.
 Smooth out the ringlets,
 Close the blue eye,
 No wonder such beauty
 Was claimed in the sky;
 Cross the hands gently
 O'er the white breast,
 So like a wild spirit
 Strayed from the blest.
 Bear her out softly,
 This idol of ours,
 Let her grave slumbers
 Be 'mid the sweet flowers.

THE SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY.

[*Original.*]

THIS seems to be an instinct, im-
 planted in the breast of man, to
 urge him to seek for the images
 his own fruitful mind brings forth.
 Many of these prove but vague con-
 ceptions, to dethrone the hope fostered
 so tenderly, whilst others result in
 the happy realization of a fond dream.
 For an evidence of this fact, open the
 doors of scientific or a mathematical
 Library, or refer to a more general
 collection in history, where important
 items of all past time are recorded.
 From the rudest ages of the world,
 up to the present, this spirit has been
 manifested in a greater or less degree.

Let the mind for a moment rest

upon hoary Egypt, in the contempla-
 tion of what she has been to the Lit-
 erary world. If she had not been
 influenced by a desire to promote
 the growth of the fine arts, the letters
 which now compose a part of almost
 every known alphabet, would not
 have been tossed to and fro in her
 cradle of kindness. Though not their
 original inventor, she discovered first
 their utility, in refining the faculties
 of man.

But a short distance beyond the
 Sea, lies her sister Phœnecia, who
 also imbibed the spirit of discovery
 and probably has contributed more
 to the consummation of noble achieve-
 ments, than any other country upon

the globe. It was there, the first outlines of a vessel for plowing the sea was sketched in imagination and subsequently carried into effect; which has proved such a noble blessing to mankind. It has been instrumental in other discoveries which could never have been made if she, or some other country had not accomplished the same thing; namely, the discoveries of unknown lands, as the continent of America.

If we would permit the mind to wander in another direction, the same truth will be forcibly impressed. Where are Euclid and Archimides, who have been perplexed in the solution of the most difficult problems, and scientific investigations? Archimides, once when the light of discovery broke in upon him exclaimed, eureka! eureka! I have found it! I have found it!

Ptolomy and Copernicus, although they laid the foundation for ascertaining the relation of the Solar System, yet the cause of its systematic order was not known until Newton observed through the branches of a tree, that it was not the moon alone that moved but that the Earth also had both daily and yearly motion, and it was the attraction of gravity that held them together. He was overcome by the discovery of this truth, and transferred it to other hands to publish it to the world.

It is a national spirit to love the things which transpire in one's country. Let us recur to the pages of our own dear shore, and see if they are devoid of interest. There is Fulton, a "home bred" man who has immortalized his name as being the first who propelled the Steamer upon the deep, but is indebted to the observation of James Watts, made upon his mother's tea-kettle, for his propelling power. Prof. Morse whose scrawny portrait must be pictured in every American heart, made known to us, how our thoughts could be expressed on lightning's wings, and conveyed to the utmost part of the earth in a few minutes,

His telegraphic wire is now about to encircle the vast ocean and may at a very early day soothe the anxious mind of many a patriot and royal prince. We can only hope that such may be the fact. Who can tell what is yet concealed beneath the veil of the future which only requires the spirit of discovery to make it known?

We may now be associated with beings who will some day, and probably at no very distant period break forth, like the blazing comet upon the world's theatre with a revelation of some astounding fact.

Let the spirit move and be attended by the handmaid of industry, then we will see what is to be done.

FLORENCE.

ELIZABETH ESTAUGH.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH,

ELIZABETH was the oldest daughter of John Haddon, a well educated yet humble, and wealthy, Quaker. She had two sisters, both of whom, with herself, received the highest finish of a practical education. Elizabeth possessed uncommon strength of mind, earnestness, energy and originality of character, and a heart overflowing with the kindest and warmest feelings. A single anecdote of her childhood, told by Mrs. Child, will illustrate the nobleness of nature which characterized her life:

“At one time, she asked to have a large cake baked, because she wanted to invite some little girls: All her small funds were expended for oranges and candy on this occasion. When the time arrived, her father and mother were much surprised to see her lead in six little ragged beggars. They were, however, too sincerely humble and religious to *express* any surprise. They treated the forlorn little ones very tenderly, and freely granted their daughter's request to give them some of her books and playthings at parting. When they had gone, the good mother quietly said, ‘Elizabeth, why didst thou invite strangers, instead of thy schoolmates?’ There was a heavenly ex-

pression in her eye, as she looked up earnestly, and answered, ‘Mother I wanted to invite *them*, they looked so poor.’”

When eleven years of age, she accompanied her parents to the Yearly Meeting of the Friends, where she heard, among other preachers, a very young man named John Estaugh, with whose manner of presenting divine truth she was particularly pleased. Many of his words were treasured in her memory. At the age of seventeen she made a profession of religion, uniting herself with the Quakers.

During her early youth, William Penn visited the house of her father, and greatly amused her by describing his adventures with the Indians. From that time she became interested in the emigrant Quakers, and early began to talk of coming to America. Her father at length purchased a tract of land in New Jersey, with the view of emigrating, but his affairs took a new turn, and he made up his mind to remain in his native land. This decision disappointed Elizabeth. She had cherished the conviction that it was her duty to come to this country; and when, at length, her father, who was unwilling that any of his property should lie unimproved, offered the tract of land in New Jersey to any relative who would settle upon it, she promptly agreed to accept of the proffered estate. Willing that their child should follow in the path of

duty, after much prayer, the parents consented to let Elizabeth join "the Lord's people in the New World."

Accordingly, early in the spring of 1700, writes Mrs. Child, in whose sweet language, slightly condensed, the rest of the narrative is told, arrangements were made for her departure, and all things were provided that the abundance of wealth, or the ingenuity of affection, could devise.

A poor widow of good sense and discretion accompanied her, as friend and housekeeper, and two trusty men servants, members of the Society of Friends. Among the many singular manifestations of strong faith and religious zeal connected with the settlement of this country, few are more remarkable than the voluntary separation of this girl of eighteen years old from a wealthy home and all the pleasant associations of childhood, to go to a distant and thinly inhabited country, to fulfill what she considered a religious duty. And the humble, self-sacrificing faith of the parents, in giving up their child, with such reverend tenderness for the promptings of her own conscience, has in it something sublimely beautiful, if we look at it in its own pure light. The parting took place with more love than words can express, and yet without a tear on either side. Even during the long and tedious voyage, Elizabeth never wept. She preserved a martyr-like cheerfulness and serenity to the end.

The house prepared for her reception stood in a clearing of the forest, three miles from any other dwelling. She arrived in June, when the landscape was smiling in youthful

beauty; and it seemed to her as if the arch of heaven was never before so clear and bright. the carpet of the earth never so verdant. As she sat in her window and saw evening close in upon her in that broad forest home, and heard, for the first time, the mournful notes of the whippo-wil and the harsh scream of the jay in the distant woods, she was oppressed with a sense of vastness, of infinity, which she never before experienced, not even on the ocean. She remained long in prayer, and when she lay down to sleep beside her matron friend, no words were spoken between them. The elder, overcome with fatigue, soon sank into a peaceful slumber; but the young enthusiast lay long awake, listening to the lone voice of the whippo-will complaining to the night. Yet, notwithstanding this prolonged wakefulness, she arose early and looked out upon the lovely landscape. The rising sun pointed to the tallest trees with his golden finger, and was welcomed with a gush of song from a thousand warblers. The poetry in Elizabeth's soul, repressed by the severe plainness of her education, gushed up like a fountain. She dropped on her knees, and, with an outburst of prayer, exclaimed fervently, "Oh, Father, very beautiful hast thou made this earth! How bountiful are thy gifts, O Lord!"

To a spirit less meek and brave, the darker shades of the picture would have obscured these cheerful gleams; for the situation was lonely and the inconveniences innumerable. But Elizabeth easily triumphed over all obstacles, by practical good sense and the quick promptings of her in-

genuity. She was one of those clear strong natures, who always have a definite aim in view, and who see at once the means best suited to the end. Her first inquiry was what grain was best adapted to the soil of her farm; and being informed that rye would yield best, "Then I shall eat rye bread," was her answer. But when winter came, and the gleaming snow spread its unbroken silence over hill and plain, was it not dreary then? It would have been dreary indeed to one who entered upon this mode of life from mere love of novelty, or a vain desire to do something extraordinary. But the idea of extended usefulness, which had first lured this remarkable girl into a path so unusual, sustained her through all trials. She was too busy to be sad, and leaned too trustingly on her Father's hand to be doubtful of her way. The neighboring Indians soon loved her as a friend, for they found her always truthful, just, and kind. From their teachings, she added much to her knowledge of simple medicines. So efficient was her skill and so prompt her sympathy, that for many miles round, if man, woman, or child were alarmingly ill, they were sure to send for Elizabeth Haddon; and wherever she went, her observing mind gathered some hint for the improvement of farm or dairy. Her house and heart were both large; and as her residence was on the way to the Quaker meeting-house in Newton, it became a place of universal resort to Friends from all parts of the country traveling that road, as well as an asylum for benighted wanderers.

The winter was drawing to a close,

when late one evening, the sound of sleigh-bells was heard, and the crunching of snow beneath the hoofs of horses, as they passed into the barnyard gate. The arrival of travelers was too common an occurrence to excite or disturb the well-ordered family.

Great logs were piled in the capacious chimney, and the flames blazed up with a crackling warmth, when two strangers entered. In the younger, Elizabeth instantly recognized John Estaugh, whose preaching had so deeply impressed her at eleven years of age. This was almost like a glimpse of home—her dear old English home! She stepped forward with more than usual cordiality, saying:

"Thou art welcome, Friend Estaugh; the more so for being entirely unexpected."

"And I am glad to see thee, Elizabeth," he replied with a friendly shake of the hand. "It was not until after I landed in America, that I heard the Lord had called thee hither before me; but I remember thy father told me how often thou hadst played the settler in the woods, when thou wast quite a little girl."

"I am but a child still," she replied, smiling.

"I trust thou art," he rejoined, "and as for these strong impressions in childhood, I have heard of many cases where they seemed to be prophecies sent of the Lord. When I saw thy father in London, I had even then an indistinct idea that I might sometimes be sent to America on a religious visit."

"And hast thou forgotten, Friend

John, the ear of Indian corn which my father begged of thee for me? I can show it to thee now. Since then I have seen this grain in perfect growth; and a goodly plant it is, I assure thee. See," she continued, pointing to many bunches of ripe corn, which hung in their braided husks against the walls of the ample kitchen: "all that, and more, came from a single ear, no bigger than the one thou didst give my father. May the seed sown by thy ministry be as fruitful!" "Amen," replied both the guests.

The next morning, it was discovered that snow had fallen during the night in heavy drifts, and the roads were impassable. Elizabeth according to her usual custom, sent out men, oxen and sledges, to open pathways for several poor families, and for households whose inmates were visited by illness. In this duty, John Estaugh and his friend joined heartily and none of the laborers worked harder than they. When he returned, glowing from this exercise, she could not but observe that the excellent youth had a goodly countenance. It was not physical beauty; for of that he had little. It was that cheerful child-like, out-beaming honesty of expression, which we not unfrequently see in Germans, who, above all nations, look as if they carried a crystal heart within their manly bosoms.

Two days after, when Elizabeth went to visit her patients, with a sled-load of medicines and provisions, John asked permission to accompany her. There, by the bedside of the aged and the suffering, she

saw the clear sincerity of his countenance warmed with rays of love, while he spoke to them words of kindness and consolation; and there she heard his pleasant voice modulate itself into deeper tenderness of expression when he took little children in his arms.

The next First day, which we call Sabbath the whole family attended Newton meeting; and there John Estaugh was gifted with an out-pouring of the spirit in his ministry, which sank deep into the hearts of those who listened to him. Elizabeth found it so marvellously applicable to the trials and temptations of her own, soul that she almost deemed it was spoken on purpose for her. She said nothing of this, but she pondered upon it deeply. Thus did a few days of united duties make them more thoroughly acquainted with each other, than they could have been by years of fashionable intercourse.

The young preacher soon after bade farewell, to visit other meetings in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Elizabeth saw him no more until the May following, when he stopped at her house to lodge, with numerous other Friends, on their way to the Quarterly Meeting at Salem. In the morning, quite a cavalcade started from her hospitable door, on horseback; for wagons were then unknown in Jersey. John Estaugh, always kindly in his impulses, busied himself with helping a lame and very ugly old woman, and left his hostess to mount her horse as she could. Most young women would have felt slighted; but in Elizabeth's noble soul the quiet deep tide of feeling rippled with an in-

ward joy. "He is always kindest to the poor and the neglected," thought she; "verily he is a good youth." She was leaning over the side of her horse, to adjust the buckle of the girth, when he came up on horseback, and inquired if anything was out of order. She thanked him, with slight confusion of manner, and a voice less calm than her usual utterance. He assisted her to mount, and they trotted along leisurely behind the procession of guests, speaking of the soil and climate of this new country; and how wonderfully the Lord had here provided a home for his chosen people. Presently the girth began to slip and the saddle turned so much on one side, that Elizabeth was obliged to dismount. It took some time to re-adjust it, and when they again started, the company were out of sight. There was a brighter color than usual in the maiden's cheeks, and unwonted radiance in her mild deep eyes. After a short silence, she said in a voice slightly tremulous, "Friend John, I have a subject of importance on my mind, and one which nearly interests thee. I am strongly impressed that the Lord has sent thee to me as a partner for life. I tell thee my impression frankly, but not without calm and deep reflection; for matrimony is a holy relation, and should be entered into with all sobriety. If thou hast no light on the subject, wilt thou gather into the stillness, and reverently listen to thy own inward revealings? Thou art to leave this part of the country to-morrow, and not knowing when I should see thee again, I felt moved to tell thee what lay upon my mind."

The young man was taken by surprise. Though accustomed to that suppression of emotion which characterizes his religious sect, the color went and came rapidly in his face, for a moment; but he soon became calmer, and replied, "This thought is new to me, Elizabeth; and I have no light thereon. Thy company has been right pleasant to me, and thy countenance ever reminds me of William Penn's title page, 'Innocency with open face.' I have seen thy kindness to the poor, and the wise management of thy household. I have observed, too, that thy warm-heartedness is tempered by a most excellent discretion, and that thy speech is ever sincere. Assuredly, such is the maiden I would ask of the Lord, as a most precious gift; but I never thought of this connexion with thee. I came to this country solely on a religious visit, and it might distract my mind to entertain this subject at present. When I have discharged the duties of my mission, we will speak further."

"It is best so," rejoined the maiden; "but there is one thing disturbs my conscience. Thou hast spoken of my true speech; and yet, Friend John, I have deceived thee a little, even now, while we conferred together on a subject so serious. I know not from what weakness the temptation came; but I will not hide it from thee. I allowed thee to suppose, just now, that I was fastening the girth of my horse securely; but, in plain truth, I was loosening the girth, John, that the saddle might slip, and give me an excuse to fall behind our friends; for I thought thou wouldst be kind

enough to come and ask if I needed thy services."

They spoke no further concerning their union; but when he returned to England, in July, he pressed her hand affectionately, as he said, 'Farewell, Elizabeth. If it be the Lord's will, I shall return to thee soon.'

In October, he returned to America, and they were soon married, at Newton meeting, according to the simple form of the Society of Friends. Neither of them made any change of dress for the occasion, and there was no wedding feast. Without the aid of priest or magistrate, they took each other by the hand, and, in the presence of witnesses, calmly and solemnly promised to be kind and faithful to each other. The wedded pair quietly returned to their happy home, with none to intrude upon those sacred hours of human life, when the heart most needs to be left alone with its own deep emotions.

During the long period of their union, she three times crossed the Atlantic, to visit her aged parents, and he occasionally left her for a season when called abroad to preach. These temporary separations were felt as a cross, but the strong-hearted woman always cheerfully gave him up to follow his own convictions of duty. In 1742, he parted from her, to go on a religious visit to Tortola, in the West Indies. He died there, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. She published a religious tract of his, to which is prefixed a preface entitled "Elizabeth Estaugh's testimony concerning her beloved husband, John Estaugh." In this preface, she says, "Since it pleased Divine Providence

so highly to favor me, with being the near companion of this dear worthy, I must give some small account of him. Few, if any, in a married state, ever lived in sweeter harmony than we did. He was a pattern of moderation in all things; not lifted up with any enjoyments, nor cast down at disappointments; a man endowed with many good gifts, which rendered him very agreeable to his friends, and much more to me, his wife, to whom his memory is most dear and precious."

Elizabeth survived her excellent husband twenty years, useful and honored to the last. The monthly Meeting of Haddonfield, in a published testimonial, speaks of her thus: "she was endowed with great natural abilities, which being sanctified by the spirit of Christ, were much improved; whereby she became qualified to act in the affairs of the church; and was a serviceable member, having been clerk to the women's meeting nearly fifty years, greatly to their satisfaction. She was a sincere sympathizer with the afflicted, of a benvolent disposition, and in distributing to the poor, was desirous to do it in a way most profitable and durable to them, and, if possible, not to let the right hand know what the left did. Though in a state of affluence as to this world's wealth, she was an example of plainness and moderation. Her heart and house were open to her friends, whom to entertain seemed one of her greatest pleasures. Prudently cheerful, and well knowing the value of friendship, she was careful not to wound it herself, nor to encourage

others in whisperings supposed failings or weaknesses. Her last illness brought great bodily pain, which she bore with much calmness of mind and sweetness of spirit. She departed this life as one falling asleep, full of days, like unto a shock of corn, fully ripe."

The town of Haddonfield, in N. J.

took its name from her; and the tradition concerning her courtship is often repeated by some patriarch among the Quakers.

Her medical skill is so well remembered, that the old nurses of New Jersey still recommend Elizabeth Estangh's salve as the "sovereignest thing on earth."

FURNITURE.

THE prevailing evil of the present day is extravagance. I know very well that the old are too prone to preach about modern degeneracy, whether they have cause or not; but, laugh as we may at the sage advice of our fathers, it is too plain that our present expensive habits are productive of much domestic unhappiness, and injurious to public prosperity. Our wealthy people copy all the foolish and extravagant caprice of European fashion, without considering that we have not their laws of inheritance among us; and that our frequent changes of policy render property far more precarious here than in the old world. However, it is not to the rich I would speak. They have an undoubted right to spend their thousands as they please; and if they spend them ridiculously, it is consoling to reflect that they must, in some way or other, benefit the poorer classes. People of moderate fortunes have likewise an unquestioned right to dispose of their hundreds as they please; but I would ask, Is it *wise* to risk your happiness in a foolish attempt to keep up with the opulent? Of what *use* is the efforts which takes so much of your time, and *all* of

your income? Nay, if any unexpected change in affairs deprive you of a few yearly hundreds you will find that your expenses have *exceeded* your income; thus the foundation of an accumulating debt will be laid, and your family will have formed habits but poorly calculated to save you from the threatened ruin. Not one valuable friend will be gained by living beyond your means, and old age will be left to comparative, if not utter poverty.

There is nothing in which the extravagance of the present day strikes me so forcibly as the manner in which our young people of moderate fortune furnish their houses.

A few weeks since, I called upon a farmer's daughter, who had lately married a young physician of moderate talents, and destitute of fortune. Her father had given her, at her marriage, all he ever expected to give her: viz. two thousand dollars. Yet the lower part of her house was furnished with as much splendor as we usually find among the wealthiest. The whole two thousand had been expended upon Brussels carpets, alabaster vases, mahogany chairs, and marble tables. I afterwards learned that the more useful household utensils had

been forgotten; and that, a few weeks after her wedding, she was actually obliged to apply to her husband for money to purchase baskets, iron spoons, clothes-lines, &c.; and her husband, made irritable by the want of money, pettishly demanded why she had bought so many things they did not want. Did the doctor gain any patients, or she a single friend, by offering their visitors water in richly-cut glass tumblers, or serving them with costly damask napkins, instead of plain soft towels? No; heir foolish vanity made them less

happy, and no more respectable.

Had the young lady been content with Kidderminster carpets, and tasteful vases of her own making, she might have put *one* thousand dollars at interest; and had she obtained six per cent., it would have clothed her as well as the wife of any man, who depends merely upon his own industry, ought to be clothed. This would have saved much domestic disquiet: for, after all, human nature is human nature; and a wife is never better beloved, because she teases for money.

A MEMORY.—BY MATILDA C. SMILEY.

[*Original.*]

SITTING by the whitening embers,
In my little room alone,
Listening to the wild wind's sighing
In its sad and mournful tone.

Thinking of the past and present
Calling o'er the names I prize,
Looking at the dear sweet faces
That from memory's chamber rise.

First and dearest of the number
Comes to me thy cherished face,
Smiling on me soft and sweetly
With its old familiar grace.

And thy hand in mine is folded,
As it was in other hours,
And we smiling walk together
Through sweet fields of op'ning flowers.

And I listen to the music
Of thy footstep and thy tone,
And my heart grows calm and happy,
For I am no more alone.

But the dream fades, slowly, slowly,
Passing with a phantom's tread,
And my heart grows sad and weary
When I think that thou art dead.

DORA CLIFTON, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY A VIRGINIA LADY.

[Original.]

CHAPTER I.

I WAS but five years old when I was left an orphan by the death of my mother, and young as I was, I remember that dark, despairing feeling that came over me when in the early morning they led me to her chamber, and removed the sheet that hid her still white face, that I might kiss her cold lips for the last time.

I could not then realize my loss, although I felt that a sad fate was before me, and my little heart was almost broken with grief when they took my sweet mother to the churchyard, and laid her in the cold ground. I saw the gathered crowd, heard the words of the minister, and the sobs of those who loved her, and then the sods rattled heavily on the coffin lid, fainter and fainter the sound grew,—the grave was rounded over, the mourners parted, and I was taken to my Uncle Frank's home, to live as it were, among strangers.

Uncle Frank's house with its broad rooms, and splendid furniture, contrasted strangely with the humble cottage I had left, and I crept about on the soft carpets, and sat on the beautiful chairs with a degree of awe I can never forget.

Ellen was Uncle Frank's only

child, a wild, wilful girl, about my age, and I had not been in my new home more than a week before she began to laugh at me about the meanness of my dress, calling me poor and ugly, and trying by every means to show me the difference in our positions. At first I was silent and almost indifferent to her cruel taunts, and insults, but I soon grew impatient, and answered in the deepest bitterness, for I hated her as much as a child can hate anything, and longed to be free from her presence. This hatred between us increased daily, Ellen was the torment of my life, and with no one to teach me love and forbearance, I was fast verging on the pit of destruction, when a circumstance arrested my steps, and assisted me to check the sinful hatred that was gnawing at my heart-strings like a beast of prey. Ellen and myself had been quarrelling with more than usual spirit one day, and we were both very angry, when the door opened unexpectedly, and Uncle Frank stood gazing at us with wrathful astonishment.

"What is the matter with you children," he said, sternly, "I am astonished at you both, but I'll put a stop to it, I'll get a teacher for you next week, and see if she can't do something with you. I am

ashamed of you Ellen," he continued, addressing his daughter, you must do better than this in the future; and you Dora, I must see that you are dealt tightly with, it will never do as it is," and turned on his heel and left us.

Ellen laughed aloud as her father disappeared, he had never spoken unkindly to her, and she could not believe him earnest in his threatenings to get a teacher, and in spite of her reproof, she continued her abuse of me, until in self-defence, and in order to avoid a burst of anger, on my part, I ran wildly from the room, and hiding myself in the garden beneath the overhanging vines of a beautiful bower, I wept myself to sleep.

When I awoke it was almost night, but I still lingered on the sweet spot, dreaming of the past and the future, and thinking that during the five years I had spent at my uncle's, I had learned nothing but bad and bitter words, and I determined to do better in future. I was glad that we were to have a teacher, and hoped she would help me in my good resolves, and I arose and went to the house, feeling better than I had for many months.

I have not spoken of my uncle's wife because she was in fact, almost a stranger to me. She was a very proud and fashionable woman, and rarely ever noticed me, and when she did, it was to reprove me sharply, and so I kept out of her sight as much as possible, spending my time with the servants, disputing with Ellen, or reading the old novels that I found lying about the garret

in every direction, but this life, aimless and useless as it was, was to be ended soon, and I was glad, for I wanted to learn something useful, and I wanted to be good, and I wanted somebody to help me to be so, for I knew that I was very weak, and had very little strength to resist temptation.

Not many days after this, our teacher came, Miss Nellie Melton, was her name, and I loved her from the first. She was an old maid with a soft, sweet voice, and eyes full of tender affection, and she moved about our home like the spirit of peace, lending a soft influence to every heart around her. True, aunt Malinda sneered at her sometimes, and Ellen made fun of her frequently, behind her back, but there was a high, serene purity about her that commanded the respect, and love of all; and with her as my teacher, I soon became gentle and loving, and remembered my former conduct with burning shame. Ellen too, grew more peaceable, and less scornful in her manner towards me, and I could have loved her had she permitted me to do so, but there was something about her that repelled all intimacy, and we were growing up close together, yet far apart in thought and feeling.

Miss Melton had not been at my uncle's more than two years before her health failed so entirely she was obliged to discontinue school, and return home. Then Uncle Frank sent us to the Buckingham Institute, to complete our education, and there the character of Ellen appeared in its true light. She was naturally

sprightly, had a good mind, and memory, but she abhorred study—learning was very well for the poor, she would say, but for the rich it was not necessary; and so priding herself on her father's wealth, and her own beauty, she neglected her studies entirely; regardless alike of the smiles and frowns of her teachers, whom she regarded as little better than hired servants.

Thanks to the teachings of Miss Nellie Melton, and my own convictions of duty, I studied hard, and learned fast whatever I undertook to learn, and soon won the love and esteem of my teachers, who often spoke of me as an example to the rest of the students. This was too much for Ellen, and her hatred of me increased in proportion with my popularity with my teachers, and she strove by every means in her power to lessen their esteem for me, and cause me to be neglected by my schoolmates.

I had few intimate friends at school, but there was one bright fair girl there, whom I loved as a dear sweet sister, and her heart was linked to mine with an affection, deep and strong as death itself. We had no separate thoughts or joys, and in my deep devotion to Fanny, I cared nothing for Ellen's hatred, or the coldness of her friends.

One morning Fanny came to recitation with her eyes red and swollen from weeping. I was troubled as I looked at her, for I saw, or fancied I detected a coldness in her glance as it met mine, and all day long Fanny avoided me assiduously; what could it mean! At dinner she hardly

spoke to me, and her beautiful eyes kept filling with tears, chasing away the smiles she tried to assume. I noticed that Ellen kept near her, almost constantly talking to her in a low confidential tone, as if she were trying to amuse her, and drive away the cloud of sadness that seemed to be resting so darkly upon her spirits. I felt that I was in some way connected with Fanny's sadness and resolved to know what it was, but Fanny repulsed all my advances, she spoke scornfully to me. Although I loved her as tenderly as ever, my pride was too great to bear meekly her aggravating treatment, and I grew distant and haughty, and for weeks we passed and repassed each other without speaking.

O! the agony of that estrangement; my heart was almost crushed with the great stroke, and I believed I could never love again.

We may smile at the deep intensity of school-girl friendship, and say that it "passeth away like the early dew," but who will deny that in our school-days we form the dearest and holiest friendships, and the memory of the cherished ones we loved then, goes with us through life, brightening with its earnest beauty the sordid and worldly friendships we form in after years. I was sitting in the grove one evening in the cool shade reading, for we had finished our studies for the week, and that sweet spot was my favorite place of resort from the noise and bustle of a Saturday's holiday. I was turning over the leaves of my book listlessly when I felt a soft hand on my shoulder, and looking up I met the tearful glance

of Fanny Ashton.

"Dora" she said, as she threw herself on the grass beside me, "Dora I am going home. Brother Henry has come for me to go to my father, who is sick, and before I go I want to ask you if you can forgive me for my coldness to you? O! Dora, if you knew what I have suffered—" and she hid her face in her hands and wept aloud.

"Yes Fanny," I said, "I do forgive you, but it was hard to bear; and now tell me what made you so cold what could have made you treat me so?"

Fanny hesitated a moment, and looking at me steadily said, "It was Ellen's fault, Dora, she told me so many ugly things about you, and said you were not my friend, for she had heard you speak very unkindly of me, and Kate Gibson and Flora Perkins said they had heard the same. O! it almost killed me at first Dora, and it was so hard to be cold to you when I loved you so much; but they made me do it, and I don't believe you are bad, no matter what they say, I will believe you."

"Why did you not come to me at first Fanny?" I said, "all would have been right then;" and after assuring her how false was everything she had heard from Ellen and her friends, and how freely I forgave her for her coldness to me, we went to the chapel hand in hand, feeling that nothing could estrange us from each other again.

We did not see Ellen or any of her friends as we passed through the chapel to go to the parlor where Fanny's brother was. I had hardly thought

of his being there at all, I was so happy at being reconciled to my darling friend, and when I stood face to face before a tall, handsome gentleman, I was startled out of all good manners, and drew my hand from Fanny's to make my escape, but he caught me suddenly and drawing me close to him put back my tangled curls and kissed me heartily, then said he, as he let me go, "I must kiss you for being Fanny's dear friend; she has written so much about you I could not resist the temptation; you are such a bright little beauty."

Fanny almost screamed with laughter, while I stood wiping my lips and cheek, the very personification of anger. It was too much to bear. I was almost sixteen, and was horrified at being kissed by a gentleman, even if he was Fanny's brother; but as I looked at him I saw the comical expression of his face as he regarded me earnestly, and my passion was over in a moment.

"Why, what a child you are Dora," he said, laughing, "to cry because an old gentleman chooses to kiss you. Why I am at least nineteen, and have finished my education long ago!"

"I am no child," I said, pouting, "I am almost sixteen."

"Sixteen! are you so old as that? I had no idea you were older than ten. Well, I'll be more particular in future, Miss Dora, if you will forgive me on'y this time," and he held out his hand to me with much humility, while I stood laughing before him.

"Now Sis," he said, turning to Fanny, "make haste and say good-

bye;" for all loved Fanny dearly, and foremost among the crowd I saw Ellen's eager face, waiting for the parting scene. She started when her eyes fell on me as I stood with my arm around Fanny's waist, for she knew nothing of our reconciliation. Almost hesitatingly she came forward to say farewell to Fanny, who kissed her coldly, and turning to me, said loud enough for Ellen to hear, "I am glad we part friends, dear Dora; write to me often, and when vacation comes Henry and I will come over for you; good-bye darling!" and she threw her arms around my neck, kissed me softly, and was gone before I could speak one word to her.

It is hard to forget the feeling of utter loneliness that came over me, as

I stood looking after the carriage that was bearing away my dearest friend; tears, too sad for utterance, gushed up from the fountain of my heart. But my grief soon passed away, for I thought of our meeting in vacation, and hope made me forget my loneliness, and I yearned for the time when I should be in Dr. Ashton's home, with Fanny and her brother, free from the slights and sneers of Ellen and her haughty associates.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

We cannot all be beautiful, but the pleasantness of a good-humored countenance is denied to no one. We can all of us increase and strengthen the family affections and the delights of home.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE, LAMENTED DR.
J. H. EATON.

[Original.]

WE saw it not, the manly form,
Composed in death's long rest,
The pale, cold brow, the folded hands
Above the pulseless breast.

We heard it not the "dust to dust,"
As fell the muffled clod,
The body to its birth-place, Earth.
The spirit back to God.

But from that darkened hearth there rose
A wail so sad and deep,

That in our distant home we felt,
To turn aside and weep.

We feel the shadow and the gloom,
But words, though kindly spoken,
Are frail to soothe the bitter grief
Of hearts so sadly broken.

O, widowed heart, oh, mateless one,
The ark above the waters
Is waiting for the wearied wing
Of all earth's grief-bow'd daughters.

And though the flood is dark and deep,
And wildly round thee swelling,
The bow of promise spans the storm,
Of Hope and lost ones telling.

Faint not: though earth has lost its light,
And thy bark is tempest driven,
It is the channel swelled by tears,
That nears that bark to Heaven.

We knew *him* not—yet they who did,
And loved him best are giving
A tribute to his cherished worth,—
Though dead, he still is living.

He cast a pebble on Time's wave,
The undulations spreading,
Will waft his name, undimmed by years,
Light from his memory shedding.

"Be still—and know that I am God"—
Thine and thy children's ever,
And in the stormy strife of life,
Forsake thee, will I *never*.

ESTELLE.

Memphis, Feb. 23d.

ALONE AND NOT ALONE.

BY MRS. J. N. PAGE.

[*Original.*]

WHAT a splendid morning!" exclaimed Mrs. Hart as she threw back the shutters from the parlor window; "this delightful breeze is fresh from the rolling waves of the Erie, and all laden with the rich perfume of garden and meadow."

"Sister Harriet come and see the fine effect of the tan-colored road, bordered by the velvety green banks, and then the rows of peach trees hanging gracefully over the fence, and extending far as the eye can reach across the rolling prairie."

"Beautiful, beautiful!" said Harriet, "and to complete the scene, there comes your little favorite Lucius, all clean as usual, and early on his way to school."

"Yes, Lucius is my favorite," said Mrs. Hart. "He is so generous, so cheerful, so manly."

"But see! he is not playfully running along as usual, but walking slowly, I fear sadly."

Poor little fellow, I will go down to the gate and speak with him."

"Never man was truly blest,
But it composed and gave him such a cast
As folly might mistake for want of joy."
And thus it was with Lucius, as with satchel thrown lightly across his right shoulder, and a basket covered

with a snow white napkin, in his hand, he neared the gate.

"Are you *all alone?*" said Mrs. Hart pityingly.

"No ma'am," he said triumphantly, "I have a cucumber with me."

And sure enough he had.—There beneath the pure white napkin, by the side of some bread and butter, and a piece of pie, was a cucumber all pared, and a little paper of salt and a little paper of pepper, all the gift of his dear kind mother.

No wonder his heart was filled with grateful joy.

He had planted the seed, watched the unfolding of the serrate leaves from the ascending plume, led his mother down the gravel walk, to behold the beautiful straw-colored blossom, and then observed how the curious germ, about which his mother had taught him, expanded day by day, until it was a cucumber large enough for the table.

How timidly, yet hopefully, he had gone to ask his mother the very great favor that this first cucumber of the season might be his to take with his dinner to school.

And his mother had gone to the garden with him, and with her own hands had arranged his dinner, carefully paring the cucumber, and cautioning her little boy to eat plenty of

salt with it, she had placed it cozily in just the right place in the basket. Then came the good morning kiss, and how could he be alone? with such proofs a mother's love about him.

Was he generous? Ask the troop of boys who that day had a taste of the cucumber and who, though long years have passed, have by their votes elected him their much loved

and honored judge, a position he is well qualified to fill.

Children can you be *all* alone with all the evidences of God's constant love and care, which ever surround you. Let your heart believe in Jesus. Choose him for your Saviour, and you will never be alone, for he has said "Lo! I am with you even to the end of the world."

LETTER TO YOUNG LADIES.

MY DEAR GIRLS:

In looking over the letters recently received from you, I find several in which the writers state, that they are about to leave the ranks of girlhood and assume the duties and responsibilities of married ladies, and they request from me some hints and suggestions that may be useful in the untried relations they are so soon to enter. Trusting and believing that you have made wise decisions on this momentuous subject, and that you are about to enter these sacred relations from the right motives, and with the best intentions, I am still aware that it is quite possibly for you to make shipwreck of domestic happiness, and lose that "only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall." Would that I could point out to you all the rocks and quick-sands that lie before you, so clearly that you might easily avoid them.

My first advice to you is do not expect too much. Those who dream of finding every conceivable excellence united in one person, unalloyed by any of the infirmities which characterize a fallen nature, will most assuredly awake to disappointment.

"For those bonds all perfect made
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade
With the same breeze that bend;
For sympathy of heart allied
Never to mortals given
O! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto Heaven."

Extravagant expectations are, no doubt one very frequent cause of unhappiness in married life. In the present artificial state of society, it is almost impossible for parties to know each other before marriage. In their occasional intercourse, each being desirous to make the most favorable impressions possible, whatever might be supposed to be offensive is care-

fully concealed; and this too without any conscious intention or desire to deceive, and then too, the circumstances under which this intercourse is held, in most cases, afford no occasions for the display of real character. They meet each other in the sanctuary—on the sunny side-walk,—in the social gathering. They converse together in the well lighted cheerful parlor, where all are anxious to please. There is nothing here to cross the feelings, try the patience, or test the real disposition. They do not together pass through scenes that try men and women's souls, as they must do after marriage, and having seen nought but what is fair and amiable, they throw a mantle of perfection woven out of the bright hues of their own youthful imaginations, over the object of their preference. But when, in conflict with the stern realities of life, this mantle falls off, as fall it must, and the object stands before them in its real character, they turn from it with disappointment, and too often with loathing and disgust. For security against this danger, keep your imaginations in check, and reflect seriously upon what it is reasonable to expect from fallen humanity, and see to it that you expect nothing more. Just take it for granted, that you will, as a matter of course, after marriage, discover faults and defects in your companion that you have not before perceived, but do not forget that he too, will, in all probability, observe quite as many in you, that were previously unknown to him. You know that you are not perfect, and yet you expect to be loved and confided in,

despite your faults. You have already given your love and confidence to a being who is like yourself, imperfect; be careful that you do not withdraw them when those imperfections are made more manifest than they have hitherto been. Remember that if none but faultless beings could be loved, you would yourself be thrown outside of the pale of affection. Love would, in that case, be compelled to take its departure from Earth, and return to its native Heaven.

Selfishness is ever the bane of human happiness, but in no relation of life is its influence so disastrous as when it rears its hydra head between husband and wife. It is sad to think how many enter this sacred relation, who are strangers to that disinterested affection which honestly seeks and desires the happiness of another in preference to its own; and yet this is the only foundation on which conjugal bliss can rest. You might as well think of building your dwelling upon the yielding waves, as of rearing a superstructure of domestic happiness upon any other basis. I have no doubt, innumerable instances of domestic misery have their origin in a selfish and exacting disposition on the part of the wife.

She goes forth as a bride, honestly believing perhaps, that she is devotedly attached to her chosen lord, when in point of fact, her attachment is all for self, and her interest in him owes its existence to the belief that he will, by his devotion, minister to her happiness. Hence she watches with an argus eye, his manner of treating her while, it may be she is

quite forgetful of her own deportment towards him. With this close inspection of his actions, it is not long before she can discover something that she can construe into neglect of herself, or disregard of her wishes, and this she dwells upon and magnifies in her own imagination till she fancies herself the most injured and the most wretched woman living. Then pride and resentment rise up in her heart, and she puts on a very dignified and distant manner towards her husband. He asks an explanation and is told, in no very gentle tones of his short comings. Conscious of the best intentions he is stung by the unreasonableness of her reproaches, and mortified and indignant at her want of confidence in him; and here commences a breach which succeeding years widen and deepen into a gulph broad and deep enough to bury the last vestige of affection and to hold more misery that can be found elsewhere, outside of the bottomless pit.

Now all this is avoided when the wife has for her husband such a disinterested affection, that instead of watching and weighing his every word and action in order to determine the measure of his love towards herself, her thoughts are occupied with

well directed efforts to promote his interest and happiness. Giving to him a full generous and confiding affection, she will seldom have occasion to complain of the want of it in return.


You must not expect to be all the world to your husband, in precisely the same sense that he is all the world to you. He has his part to act among his fellow men, and he has chosen you, not that he might concentrate all his thoughts and interests and efforts upon your own unimportant little self, but that you might be a help-meet to strengthen his hands, and encourage his heart, while he performs his duties as a man, a citizen and a servant of the most high God. The less you trouble your head with the question, How much does my husband love me, the more you study to show your love to him, by conforming cheerfully to his circumstances and aiding him, according to the best of your ability, to accomplish those objects to which his life is devoted, the more likely you will be to occupy permanently in his heart that place which you desire—the only place in the wide world in which you can find happiness.

Your very affectionate Friend

EUGENIA.

THE PARTING.

[*Original.*]

ND must I leave thee, dearest one
To wander forth alone,
Far from thy cheerful presence love,
And from our peaceful home.

Stern duty tells me I must go
To dwell in other scenes,
Where thy bright eyes can never throw
Their most delightful beams.

But oh! when sundered far from thee
And from our dearest ones,
My heart will ever steadfast be
And true to thee alone.

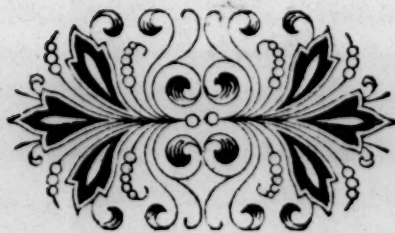
Tho' wealth may spread her tinsel glare
And beauty all her power,
Yet still my heart will ever bear
Remembrance of this hour.

Farewell, my love, the engine's sound
Tells us that we must part,
Its hurrying wheels as they roll round
Stop not for anguished hearts.

Farewell my love, oh may no care
Upon thy bosom dwell,
And daily in thy fervent prayer
Remember me! farewell.

HEBRON.

Pike County, Miss.



A SCENE.

[*Original.*]

I CANNOT tell why memories of that summer-time live in my heart with such freshness, or why the pictures of the scenes which surrounded me, remain undimmed by all that has since transpired, but so it is. Perhaps because my senses were more fully alive to the beauties of Nature—more sensitively capable of receiving the impressions which joy and sorrow have been powerless to efface.

It was at the close of a warm summer day, that wearied with the confinement of my room, I twined my arm around the form of my companion, and with her strolled to the bank of the Wabash. A dull, heavy sorrow had been straining at my heart-strings for days, and I thought that motion might ease the pain; that the fresh evening breeze might fan the fever from my brow. The glowing heat of the day was yielding to the coolness of night, and our steps grew lighter as we neared the green bank which was usually the extent of our walk in that direction.

Silently we sat down upon the green sward, and gazed upon the outstretched landscape. Beneath us was the little town of P——, with its quiet homes surrounded by groupings of shrubbery. A low hum came up from the streets, which were not yet silent from the toils of the day. At our left about half a mile

distant, was a milldam, above which the waters lay as placidly still as in a miniature lake, whose surface is unruffled by the slighted zephyrs. Upon one side were lofty cliffs, covered with noble trees; upon the other were the low flats of the Reserve. These too were well timbered; and so the borders of the mimic lake were shadowed by noble oaks and trembling poplars, while the centre reflected the deep azure of the evening sky. Over the dam the waters leaped madly—their wild rushing at this distance being softened to a pleasant murmuring sound. A moment foaming and whitening on the rocks beneath, the river moved onward in its broad channel, slowly and majestically until it disappeared at our right beyond a green bank, the shadow of whose foliage and clambering vines caressed it with seeming tenderness. Opposite us, and at the distance of a mile, the town of D—— was discernable, with its spires and rich dwellings, the lower portion being hidden by an intervening wood. Still beyond was seen a dim boundary of forest, above the horizon of blue, and partially covered with masses of vapor, gilded by the fading sunlight into rich shining forms, for which the imagination could find no name of inanimate thing. But the daylight faded, and the purple twilight deepened, and

the distance became more dim;—the shadows upon the lake's bosom could no more be distinguished from the dark shores, and weird spirits seemed striding upon the river, while the murmuring grew louder, and the night bird came forth to make the wood "vocal with his song." A holy stillness brooded over the earth, then a star peeped from the ether depths above, then another and another, until the whole broad arch above was glittering with inimitable gems. Anon the pale moon rode up the east and smiled upon the slumbering earth, then the weird spirits hied away to some dark ravine, and the shadows grew less bold and clustered beneath the oaks which stood out in bolder relief against the sky. Silvery light rested upon cottage and tree and flower and green grass of the earth—they made the landscape

more beautiful, and gave the river diamonds upon each tiny wave; and so the moonbeams flooded all around with beauty, and the stars twinkled like "beauty's eyes," and the river flashed back the gaze of moon and stars.

If the earth had been glowing with beauty all day, while the broad sunlight was upon it, so did a milder beauty soften each object when the purple twilight fell. In such an hour how does the heart throb a companionship with all things in nature, how it forgets all trivial cares, even the riven ties of friendship, while listening to the "voiceless melodies" which call the mind to adoration of the works of Him who "siteth upon the great white throne." What soul does not involuntarily yield its homage to the author of so beautiful a world. R.

Translated from the German for the Aurora.

THE DESERT ISLAND.

ARICH man wished to make his slave happy; he gave him freedom, and permitted him to fit out a ship with much costly merchandise.

"Go" said he "and sail with it in a foreign land; make gain with the

merchandise and all the profit shall be thine."

The slave departed, but he was not far to sea when a violent wind arose and drove his ship upon a rock and wrecked it. The costly merchandise was sunk in the ocean, all his comrades perished, and he with dif-

difficulty reached the shores of an island. Hungry, naked and without help he went farther into the land and wept over his misfortune; then he saw afar a great city, from which the inhabitants came towards him with great joy, shouting aloud, "hail our king!" They placed him upon a magnificent chariot and bore him away to the city. He came into the king's palace, where they put a purple robe upon him, placed a diadem upon his brow, and permitted him to mount a golden throne. The noblemen assembled around him and swore in the name of the whole nation the oath of truth.

The new king thought at first all this lordliness a beautiful dream, until the continuance of his fortune did not permit him to doubt the reality of this wonderful occurrence.

"I do not understand," said he to himself, "what has beguiled the eyes of this wonderful nation to make a naked foreigner their king. They know not whence I come, and place me upon their throne. What is this strange custom in the land?"

Thus thought he, and was so curious to know the cause of this elevation, that he determined to ask one of the noblemen of his court, whom he thought to be a wise man, for the solution of this enigma.

"Viser," said he to him "why have you made me your king? How could you know that I had come upon your island? And what will finally become of me?"

The Viser replied: "Lord, this island is called the land of temptation, and a race of strange beings inhabit it. They have for a long

time prayed the Almighty to send them yearly a son of Adam to rule over them. The Almighty has heard their prayer, and permits a man on a particular day, to land upon their island. The inhabitants receive him joyfully as thou hast seen, and constitute him their ruler; but his reign lasts no longer than a year. This time passes and the destined day again comes; thus he lays aside his honor, they rob him of his kingly robes, and put a meaner garment on him. His attendants carry him by force to the shore and place him in a peculiar boat built for that purpose; that brings him to a certain island. This island is waste and desert; every one who was in former times a king comes here naked and finds neither subject nor friend. No one sympathises in his misfortune, and he must lead a life full of grief and melancholy if he has not prudently used his year. He goes into the exile of the old kings and the nation goes to the new king, (whom the providence of the Almighty sends them every year without fail,) in the accustomed manner hail him with like joy of the former. This, sir, is the immutable law of the realm that no king during his reign can change.

"Were then, my predecessors unacquainted with the short duration of their sovereignty?" asked the king again.

"To no one" answered the Viser, was this perishableness unknown; but some permitted themselves to be beguiled by the splendor which surrounded them; and they forgot the sad future and spent their whole time

without being wise. Others intoxicated with the sweetness of their fortune dare not think of the end of their rule and desert island, from fear of embittering the agreeableness of present abundance; and thus they reel as drunken men until the time is past and they must be placed in the boat. When the fatal day comes they begin to lament and bemoan their illusions; now it is too late and they are delivered to the misery that awaits them and that they have not wished to prevent through wisdom.

The narrative of the visier filled the king with fear; he shuddered at the destiny of the former kings and wished to escape their fate. He saw that a few weeks of this short year were fled and he must haste the better to improve the remaining days. "Wise visier" answered he "thou hast shown me the short duration of my kingly power and my future fate; but I pray thee tell me what I must do if I wish to escape the fate of my predecessors."

The visier said, "remember, sir, thou hast come upon our island naked, then in like manner thou must depart and never return. There is also only this remedy to prevent this want which threatens thee in that land of exile:—If you cause the island to be fruitful and occupied by inhabitants you can secure happiness. This is permitted thee by our laws, and thy subjects are so perfectly obedient to you that they go where you send them. Send there also a number of workmen and let them convert the desert plains into fruitful fields; build cities and storehouses, and fill them with with all necessary provisions.

In a word make for thee there a new kingdom, whose inhabitants will receive thee with joy after thy banishment. But haste, let no moment pass unimproved; since the more thou doest for the settlement of thy future land the more happy will be thy sojourn. Always think thy year expiring to-morrow and use thy freedom as a prudent fugitive, who wishes to escape perdition. If thou despisest my counsel or delayest and art negligent, thou art lost and misery is thy lot."

The king was a prudent man, and the words of the minister gave his determination and activity wings. He sent out a number of workmen; they went with joy, and laid hold upon the work with zeal. The island began to be beautiful, and before six months were gone already cities stood upon its blooming meadows. However the king persevered in his order; he continually sent new inhabitants there; and the latter were more friendly than the first because they went in a so well regulated land which their friends and relations inhabited,

In the meantime the end of the year came continually nearer. The former kings had trembled at the time when they must lay aside their transitory power; but this one saw it approach with eagerness; because he was going to a land, where through his own care, he had prepared his last home. The appointed day at length arrived; the king was taken from his palace, robbed of his crown and costly garb, and placed upon the unavoidable boat that brought him to his place of banishment. Scarcely had he landed upon the shore of the new

island when the inhabitants joyfully came to him, received him with great honor, and instead of a diadem whose power lasted for a year only they adorned him with an unfading garland. The Almighty rewarded his wisdom. He gave him the immortality of his subjects and made him their king forever.

The rich, benevolent man is God; the slave whom the master sent away, is man at his birth; the island where he landed is the world; the inhabitants who received him joyfully are his parents, who take care of the naked weeping one. The Viser who showed him the melancholly fate that awaited him, is wisdom. The Year of his

reign is the course of human life, and the desert isle to which he is banished is the future world. The workmen he sends thither are the good works he does in his life. But the kings, who have gone over before him without forethought except upon the distress threatening them, are the greatest part of men who occupy themselves with earthly joys only, without thinking of the life after death; they are punished with want and misery because they appear before the Almighty with empty hands.

So you see man is justified by his works and not by faith alone. (James 2:24)

N. N. A.

FRIENDS.

[*Original.*]

I THANK thee, Father, for the hearts, that circle round my way,
 I thank thee for the smiling lips that bless me day by day,
 I thank thee for the loving eyes that brightly o'er me shine,
 I thank thee for the gentle hands that round my own entwine.
 Aye for these precious gifts O, Lord, I bless thy name,
 To thee alone my thanks belong for from thy hand they came.

Some to thy bosom have returned to dwell in perfect rest—
 I bless thee for recalling them so early to thy breast;
 I thank thee for the cloudless hope of meeting them again,
 Where death can never more dissolve affection's jeweled chain;
 Thou hast recalled my treasures hence to sparkle near thy throne,
 I thank thee Father, for thou hast but taken back thine own.
 I know that they are safe with thee, on Zion's holy hill,
 And while I mourn their absence here, I bless thee and am still.

Grape Hill, Va.

MATILDA.

THE MOURNING SPIRIT.

[*Original.*]

The mourning spirit yearns to fill
 The void that death has made,
 And in a tone the soul can thrill,
 Call back the slumbering dead.

O cease, fond one, this vain regret
 That will not let thee rest,
 And in the good thou hast, forget
 To sorrow o'er the past.

No longer wish the ransomed soul
 To pass again the flood,
 For now thy friend hath reach'd the goal
 And found sweet rest with God.

Let hope now guide thy feeble bark
 O'er life's tempestuous sea,
 And sorrow's night however dark,
 Shall pass away to thee.

Oh look to Him who speaks from Heav'n
 With voice so soft and still,
 Who bids thee wait 'till there is given
 The power to do his will.

Whom he loves, the Father chastens,
 'Tis for good he visits thee,
 Cease to murmur, for he hastens
 Now to raise the broken reed.

SALINA.



THE REIGN OF BEAUTY.

[*Original..*]

The nature of man is so constituted bright world on which we dwell, we
 that he loves the beautiful. are attracted on every side by the
 When we look abroad over this beauty of the objects around us. We

are surrounded by everything that is beautiful to the sight, and adapted to bind us to earth. The world is eloquent with voices that proclaim the unseen glories of immensity, and speak to man in one eternal hymn, of the unfading beauties of the universe.

God has so arranged all things around us, as to satisfy this natural love for the beautiful. He has not confined it to one object alone, but has spread beauty abroad through earth, sea, and sky, and it dwells on the face, and form, in the heart of man. All this beauty is not necessary for our existence, or our usefulness, but is intended for our pleasure, and to delight us in our lonely hours.

'Tis beautiful when first the dewy lights break on the earth, to see gentle morn opening her golden gates and displaying light to the world. 'Tis beautiful to see the morning star, as he comes driving before him all his glittering flock. 'Tis beautiful to see Aurora as she puts on her crimson blush and with resplendent rays, gilds the top of the highest hills! 'Tis beautiful to see the bright effulgent sunbeams, as they peep over the tops of the highest trees, while myriad dewdrops sparkle on the rose bud, and the mountains misty top appears and glitters in its azure light. 'Tis beautiful to gaze upon the King of day, as he clothes the earth with his glory. All nature seems to welcome his approach. Even the little birds come warbling forth from their happy bowers, shading their dewy wings as if to take a sunny flight. We also find beauty in the most minute works of nature! The little flowers, as they

raise their timid heads above the earth, attract us by the delicacy of texture and the beauty of their colors.

But the reign of beauty is not confined to the natural world, it reigns also over the world of mind. Over the features of the face the mind scatters the roses of beauty. The features may fade but the roses leave their fragrance behind them.

There is beauty in Science, as seen in the investigation of the Philosopher. There is beauty in Language, as seen in the works of Poets. What can so much charm the languid hours of solitude as an excellent poem written in beautiful language? It carries us to worlds unknown, and we appear to live in fancy's dream as

'The poets eye in fire phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven, to earth, from
earth to heaven.

And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown the poets
pen,
Turn them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing,
A local habitation, and a name."

Whose soul is not warmed and inspired while perusing the pages of Shakspeare or Milton? We feel our thoughts lifted above the things of this world, and long to discover in all that surrounds us, the good and the beautiful so well adapted to call forth such tender and holy emotions.

There is also beauty of Thought as seen in the fantastic plays of the Imagination. How many beautiful scenes are pictured to the fancy which have no existence in reality, and ere we realize half we conceive the glo-

vision flies! How many bright dreams flit across our minds in our lovely musings, when imagination reigns in the soul.

There is also beauty of Feelings as illustrated in the emotions of the soul. Though day by day time may steal the bloom from the fair face, there still remain the sunbeams of the heart. The light intellect still shines through the soul, and adds fresh lustre to its beauty.

For what is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs, and features, No
These are but flowers!

That have their dated hours,
To breathe their momentary sweets then
go,

'Tis the stainless soul within,
Whose lustre gilds the form and
mien.

Even the dark and rugged things of earth are enlived with the touches of beauty. That gloom cloud has gleams of sunshine on its borders.

The light of beauty rests on the tall summit of the mountain's craggy brow, and the trees wave in solemn beauty, when the dark threatens, and the motion of the gentle breeze quickens to the fierce tornado.

The Ocean is deep but beauty plays in ripples on its surface as the waves come sporting over the waters in bright and glittering bands. It is a mirror for the stars, and they delight themselves in its beauty, and seem to tremble with wonder, as they gaze down upon the Sea and behold the image of themselves sleeping beneath the waters.

How beautiful are those stars shining so brightly, as mild and silent night comes on. There is the star of the evening beaming in loveliness,

like the eyes of a beautiful woman, whose lashes are quivering with the tears of departing sorrow. And yonder is the silver moon, rolling through the dark blue depths of space, and followed by her starry train, while she sheds a light enchantment o'er the world and wakes up all the music of the soul. Such scenery has been created to refine and gratify the taste of man.

Beauty waves his bright sceptre everywhere. Human life is full of beauty like the world around.

There is beauty in the innocence of childhood, the time of hope and gladness, whose every dream is heaven, and whose cares and troubles hurry away, like the shadows of a passing cloud.

There is beauty in the strength of manhood, whose soul, though he is crowned with the highest honors, still retain the height hopes of youth.

There is beauty in the weakness of old age, as he leans upon his staff and descends the hill of life, cheering his soul by the recollection of the past, and the vision's of the future.

There is beauty in the silence and solemnity of death, as the departing soul welcomes the dreamless night of long repose, consoled in life's last struggle by the hope of immortality. The light of heaven shines through the grave, cheering the dark valley with beams from above, revealing to us the consoling thought that there is beauty even in death.

Sorrow itself is beautiful, and tears also, sparkling as they fall, like the dewdrops on the flower.

"There's beauty and there's happiness.

Within, around, above,
Which bids my soul arise to bless
A God of perfect love."

MINNIE.

Brownsville Female College.

Editor's Port-Folio.



A Mother's Responsibilities.

THE eloquent L' Aime Martin says "A good mother will seize upon her child's heart as her special field of activity. To be capable of this, is the great end of female education. I have shown that no universal agent of civilization exists but through mothers. Nature has placed in their hands our infancy and youth. I have been among the first to declare the necessity of making them, by improved education, capable of fulfilling their natural mission. The love of God and man is the basis of this system. In proportion as it prevails, national enmities will disappear, prejudices become extinguished, civilization spread itself far and wide, one great people cover the earth, and the reign of God be established. This is to be hastened by the watchful care of mothers over their offspring from the cradle upwards."

Such is the testimony to a mother's power, from the pen of a wise, far-seeing patriot and statesman, and in proportion to her power is her responsibility. She holds the key to the infant heart. It is her privilege to enter at will through the door of the affections, and to regulate as she

chooses the secret springs which govern the movements of after life. Thoughtless indifference on her part is most disastrous in its consequences, and that incompetency which results from her own voluntary neglect of self culture, is, in the highest degree, criminal. It is difficult to fix the precise period when a child begins to be educated by the mother, but it is doubtless much earlier than is generally supposed. For the first few months of its existence, the mother is wont to imagine that its physical comfort alone demands her attention, and she is unconscious that she is even now making moral impressions upon the heart of her child. Just so soon as its unpracticed ear can distinguish the tones of her voice—just so soon as the smiles and the shadows that flit across her countenance are reflected from its tiny face, does she begin to mould by education, the future character and destiny of her child.

The child of a convict mother in one of our state prisons, at the age of ten or eleven months was never seen to smile. It had been educated to sadness by the joyless expression of the maternal visage. The sunshine

of a happy heart, beaming from the face of its tutelary divinity, had never warmed and quickened into life the germs of happiness contained in the bosom of that stricken infant. There was something inexpressibly affecting in the unbroken gravity of its rayless, joyless face, and no doubt had that child then been removed to circumstances entirely different, and grown up without any knowledge of the manner in which the first year of its life had been passed, the impressions made by the sad face that bent over it in that gloomy prison, would have followed it, and given coloring to its whole future life.

The responsibilities of the mother are great from the time that the embryo of an immortal being is first placed under her care and direction, but every succeeding month and every revolving year adds to their weight, till the child has reached maturity. If the influence is so great when exerted only through the tones of her voice and the expression of her countenance, how much greater when the import of her words is understood, and her every action is watched and pondered by the skillful little imitator at her side. Well, may the presence of her child inspire her with awe—well may she “tremble with delicious fear,” when she reflects on the importance of the position she occupies. With what watchful care should she regulate her own conduct, lest she unconsciously teach by example some lesson she would wish might be unlearned. When the creeping tendrils of the infant mind put forth in search of light and support, with what earnest solicitude

should she seek to twine them around the pillars of truth and virtue. How diligently should she labor to eradicate the evil passions, to repress the growth of selfishness, to establish principles of truth and justice, and to cultivate the benevolent affections in the heart of her child! And with this mighty work before her, what time has the young mother to run after the fashionable follies of the world? She has to fashion a deathless spirit for immortality! The interests of a great nation are entrusted to her keeping, since she must mould those who will hereafter mould its destinies. What higher office could the most ambitious possibly desire? Surely none more glorious is ever confided to mortal hands. And shall she abandon her sacred charge to the care of untutored servants, that she may selfishly seek her own pleasure? Shall she occupy her thoughts with frivolous amusements, and efforts to keep up with the endless gyrations of the fickle goddess, Fashion? Alas! she may do so, but it can only be done at the peril of her children, and her own peace of mind in after years, and at the sacrifice of the most important interests that were ever confided to human keeping.

Of all persons and plagues, the deadliest you can take into your heart, is gain which fraud has won.

You may cradle conscience however you will,
 With sophistry soothe it and bid it be still;
 From lullabys all no advantage you'll reap—
 You never, no never, can rock it to sleep.

Wickedness in High Places.

The moral sense of the whole nation has received a terrible shock from the tragedy recently enacted at the Capital. The darkest crimes that stain the records of human depravity have been perpetrated by those high in official station, and moving in the front ranks of fashionable life. It is unnecessary to refer to the particulars of this horrid drama, since nearly all the weeklies, both secular and religious contained them, but a few reflections on the moral lesson thus taught may not be inappropriate.

It is a melancholy fact that the religion of the Bible has very little practical influence over the majority of those to whom is entrusted the keeping of the nation's honor. Many of them are men who are skeptical in their sentiments. Some, having never examined the evidences of the divine origin of revealed religion, reject it. A still greater number have been the recipients of religious instruction in early life, but having since violated the moral precepts of revelation, find it convenient to disbelieve the truth which condemns them. The experience of six thousand years has proved that when the seductions of pleasure and the impulses of passion are met only by motives drawn from considerations of worldly wisdom and prudence, the virtue of man falls an easy victim. Nothing but the awful sanctions of eternity—the ever present belief that the pen of the recording angel is tracing

in imperishable characters every act of our lives, and every thought and every motive that finds a lodgment in our hearts, and that we must face this record in a future world, where vice will be eternally punished, and virtue eternally rewarded, can furnish motives strong enough to ensure a continued course of virtuous action. If we are indeed a Christian nation, as we claim to be, why should we not be truthfully represented at our national Capital? Why should our nation, of which we are so justly proud, be there disgraced as it too often is, by scenes at which not only christianity, but universal humanity revolts? Is not the remedy in the hands of the people? Be not alarmed, fair reader, we are not going to talk politics to you, or ask you to decide who should be sent to Washington, and who shouldn't, but we would appeal to your patriotism as women, and urge you to impress diligently upon the minds of your sons, brothers and all those over whom your influence legitimately extends, the idea that none are worthy of the respect and confidence of their fellow-men, but those who fear God and keep his commandments. Mrs. Sigourney has beautifully and truthfully said, "This, then, is the patriotism of woman, not to thunder in Senates, or to usurp dominion, or to seek the clarion blast of fame, but faithfully to teach by precept and example, that wisdom, integrity and peace which are the glory of a nation."

A friend of ours once said that by making a single remark to a married gentleman, she could obtain a pretty clear insight into his character, and discover the estimation in which he held his wife. The remark was this, "It is no wonder Judson was a great man, for with the aid of three *such* women as were his wives, any man of mere ordinary abilities, could not have failed to be distinguished." She said she had repeated this remark to several gentlemen of superior abilities, who were happily married, and their reply invariably was, "That is very true; it is impossible to tell how much he is indebted to the influence of his wives for the estimation in which he is held, and for the good he has been permitted to accomplish." But the same remark repeated to others, would elicit the reply, "O, Judson would have been a great man *any way*, his wives have added nothing to his fame." This lady had seen much of the world, and was a close observer of human life, and she gave as the result of her observations, the conclusion, that men of the greatest intellectual endowments are most ready to acknowledge the power of woman's influence, and most desirous to avail themselves of its benefits. Whereas those who have no claims to superiority, except such as the privilege of wearing broad-cloth can confer, are most inclined to speak contemptuously of woman, to be jealous of their masculine prerogatives, and to wish to have it understood that they owe no allegiance to petticoat government.

The above conversation, which oc-

curred several years ago, was brought to mind by reading the following extract of a letter of John Adams, addressed to his wife, during the time of the Revolutionary War. We thought it confirmed the theory of our lady friend, as it shows in what estimation woman's influence was held by a great man of a former generation.

"I think I have sometimes observed to you in conversation, that upon examining the biography of illustrious men, you will generally find some female about them, in the relation of mother or wife or sister, to whose instigation a great part of their merit is to be ascribed. You will find a curious example of this in the case of Aspasia the wife of Pericles. She was a woman of the greatest beauty and the finest genius. She taught him, it is said his refined maxims of policy, his lofty imperial eloquence, nay, even composed the speeches on which so great a share of his reputation was founded.

"I wish some of our leading men had such wives. By the account in your last letter, it seems the women in Boston begin to think themselves able to serve their country. What a pity it is that our generals in the northern districts had not *Aspasia*s for their wives. I believe the two Howes have not very great women to their wives, if they had, we should suffer more from their exertions than we do. This is our good fortune. A smart wife would have put Howe in possession of Philadelphia a long time ago."

The following letter, so expressive of the feelings of the truly christian heart, in the hour of affliction, cannot fail to be read with interest, by all those whom experience has taught to sympathise with the writer. And, alas! how numerous is this class. How many mothers have felt the bitter pangs of separation from a beloved child! This letter was written in the confidence of friendship, without the remotest idea of publication, but having since obtained permission from the writer, we give it to our readers, believing, that coming as it does, directly from the heart, it will be more interesting to those who can appreciate real feeling, than the more studied compositions which are penned for the eye of the public.

Ed.

November 14th 1858;

MY AFFECTIONATE FRIEND, AND SECOND MOTHER.—Knowing that you have a heart ever ready to weep with those that weep, I feel constrained to pour out my grief to you. The Angel Death has entered our quiet happy home, and snatched from our embrace, our precious, lovely little Jemmie—Yes, Our Heavenly Father in His goodness, and mercy has seen fit to take him from us, for some wise purpose I know, but Oh! what can that purpose be? It is wrong for me to inquire, or wish to know? Oh! my dear friend, can it be I have grieved my Father, with my waywardness, and disobedience, until I must be, thus heavily chastened?—or can it be possible that I have been thus far, and so long deceived, and am not a child at all? If it be so, God grant that I may be sensible of

it, and that I may this moment set about seeking that salvation, which is found alone, in the blood of the Redeemer. Sometimes I feel reconciled, and even lifted up, that my precious boy is done with the sorrows of Earth, has crossed the turbulent stream of death, and is now secure in the bosom of his Savior—at others, my selfishness I suppose, makes it almost insupportable, though I know from experience that selfishness, and maternal affection are incompatible. Is it possible to repress a momentary desire to have him back, when almost every object, reminds me of some endearing look, word or act, his books, his clothes, his toys, his pets, and nothing reminds me of him more forcibly, or more pleasantly, than the Bible, the big Bible, which he would always use ever saying when he finished reading or studying a passage, “Now Ma I feel happy. Why my son? “Because I have done right.” There I find the leaves still folded, which he pressed with his own precious fingers, to mark the places of his lesson, or reading. His last passage memorized was, “Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors” and his last prayer was to the end of that verse of the Lords prayer. He had commenced to read the Bible through a few weeks since, and had advanced to the 25th chapter of Gen. Though his improvement was rapid; and he grew fast, yet, I never could confidently expect him to arrive at manhood. I felt that he was a precious treasure loaned me for a season, and therefore ever endeavored I thought, to prevent giving him too great a share of my affections, but

it seems the very effort, only increased the order—Oh, my dear friend, do I murmur? I hope I do not, even at this heavy bereavement of my last, and only child, but Oh the sad, the heart rendering thought, that my Heavenly Father is displeased with me, which seems so manifest in this sad dispensation; this gives me more pain, than the loss of my child—Oh! pray for me that His anger may be turned away,—’Tis now Tuesday—night the 16th of Nov.—Just at this hour, 9, p. m. the angel spirit of our dear little Jimmie took its departure, left its tenement so dear to me, which we deposited in the burying ground, at Bluff Creek on the Friday-morning following—Oh! What a trial! how much grace we need to support us in such. I feel thankful I have a kind sympathizing companion to console, me, and who mourns with me our loss. There was a deep mutual and tender attachment between them which I delighted to see—Do write soon—All well now, and convalescent except Sister Mat, I think her condition critical, had an attack of the same disease (Pneumonia) Farewell,
Your distressed Friend,

CARRIE HAMILTON.

[Selected.]

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave-woman at her tasks will live and grow

old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters die all around her. The kitchen-maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth, that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the good ends of human life. They have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ends. They are only doll-forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody; they feed nobody; they instruct nobody; they bless nobody, and save nobody. They write no books; they set no rich example of virtue and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to, but weaker scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue and power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

PERPETUAL SUNSHINE.

Bayard Taylor, who, last summer, made a journey to the North Cape, writes from Hammerfest, Finmark,

to the New York Tribune, his impressions of the continuous polar daylight of the Arctic latitude, from which we extract the following:

"I am tired of this unending daylight and would willingly exchange the pomp of the Arctic midnight for the starlight darkness of home. We are confused by the loss of night; We lose the preception of time. One is never sleepy, but simply tired, and after eight hours sleep by sunshine, wakes up as tired as ever. His sleep at last is broken and irregular; he substitutes a number of short naps, distributed through, and finally gets into a state of general uneasiness and discomfort. A Hammerfest merchant, who has made frequent voyages to Spitzbergen, told me that in the latitude eighty degrees, he never certainly know whether it was night or day, and the cook was the only person on board who could tell him.

At first the nocturnal sunshine strikes you as being wonderfully con-

venient. You lose nothing of the scenery, you can read and write as usual; you never need be in a hurry, because there is time enough for everything. It is not necessary to do your day's work in the daytime, for no night cometh. You are never belated, somewhat of the stress of life is lifted from your shoulders. But after a time, you would be glad of an excuse to stop seeing and observing, and thinking, and even enjoying. There is no compulsive rest such as darkness brings; no sweet isolation, which is the best refreshment of sleep. You lie down in the broad day, and the summons, 'arise!' attends on re-opening your eyes. I never went below and saw my fellow passengers all asleep around me without a sudden feeling that something was wrong, that they were drugged, or under some unnatural influence, that they thus slept so fast while the sunshine streamed in through the port holes."

Book-Notices.

MOUNT VERNON, a Letter to the Children of America: By the Author of Rural Hours.

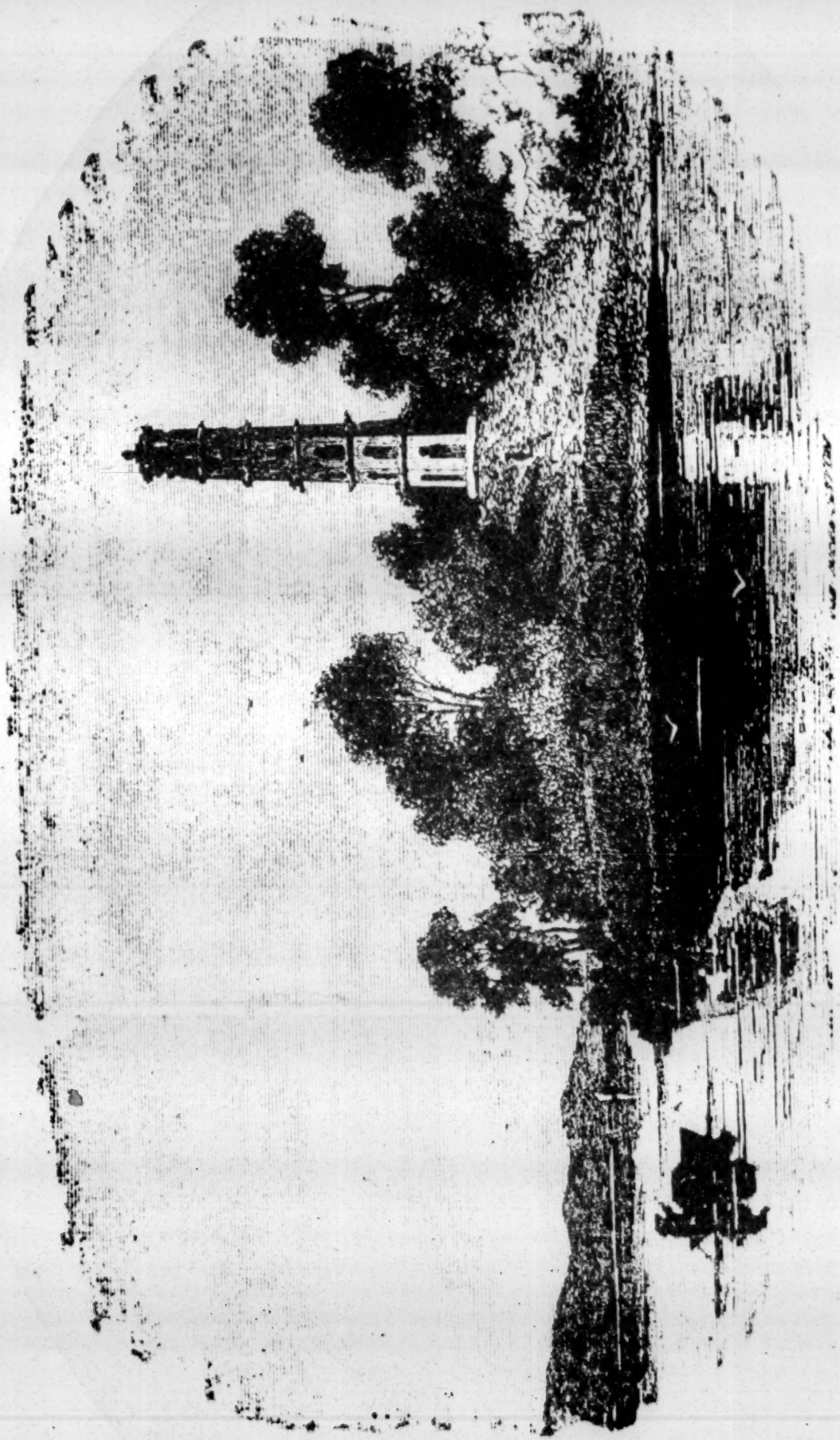
Though this letter of Miss Cooper was designed for juvenile readers, we have no doubt it will be read with interest through many a pair of spectacles. It contains a brief but graphic delineation of the character of the great founder of American liberty, and a rapid outline of the most prominent acts of his eventful life. It closes with an eloquent appeal to the children of America to aid the women of the nation in their noble effort to secure the guardianship of the home and grave of General Washington. The proceeds of the work go to the Mount Vernon Association, and that Association will doubtless receive material aid from the sale of the work, as well as from the interest it will be likely to awaken in the accomplishment of the object in which it is engaged. The question is frequently asked what the ladies of America propose to do with Mt. Vernon when they get it. We have seen no reply to this query. Perhaps if the question was satisfactorily answered, a deeper interest would be felt in the enterprise on the part of some. When the purchase is made, the ladies will have a large plantation on their hands, which ought to do good to somebody, and what will they do with it? Might it not be made a home for superannuated clergymen, who, after having spent a life of usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord, are left destitute and homeless in their old age?

Aside from the direct object this

letter has in view, we wish it might be extensively read, for the sake of the influence the contemplation of so life-like a portrait of one of the greatest and best men the world ever saw, is calculated to exert on the minds of the young. Miss Cooper has happily introduced into this narrative many of the maxims of wisdom and piety by which our great hero was governed, and which cannot be too carefully impressed upon the youthful mind.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, and Other Poems, By HENRY WORDSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

This work has been recently issued by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and will be hailed with much pleasure by the admirers of Longfellow. Miles Standish and the Puritan maiden, Priscilla, were passengers in the Mayflower, and together they landed on Plymouth Rock midst cold December's sleet and snow. But when sickness fell upon the Pilgrim band, Miles had the misfortune to lose his beautiful Rose, and thinking he could not live alone in that savage land, and remembering the angelic qualities of the Puritan maiden, Priscilla, he deputizes his friend John Alden to visit her for the purpose of negotiating a treaty for him. But the beautiful Puritan maiden, blushing deeply, replies, "I would rather you should speak for yourself, friend John," whereupon John did speak for himself; and Miles Standish was highly indignant at the issue of his courtship, though as was quite natural, he soon digested his disappointment.



THE PAGODA OF LOU-ING-TAI, [See page 259.]

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